





# BLUE and WHITE



38





# *Winnipeg General Hospital*









MISS E. McDOWELL  
*Theory Instructress*

*We* affectionately  
dedicate this book to Miss E.  
McDowell. Her inspiration and  
aid have meant much to us.



DR. G. F. STEPHENS  
*Superintendent*

*M*y good wishes are closely interwoven with pride, not only in you, but also in the Institution, which has made possible the graduation of such efficient and well trained nurses as the class of 1938. All success to you, both in your professional and private lives.

G. F. STEPHENS.





DR. H. COPPINGER  
*Assistant Superintendent*

Will the Graduates of the 1938 Class please accept my congratulations on the successful termination of their training, together with my best wishes for future success and happiness in their profession.

DR. H. COPPINGER.



MISS C. LYNCH  
*Superintendent of Nurses*

To the Class of 1938:

*I*t is with the wish that I might have had the privilege of knowing you for a longer time that I extend to you my sincere congratulations and best wishes for your success and happiness in the future.

Your student days have opened for you paths that lead to fields waiting to be developed. Your courage, your enthusiams, and your preparation will aid you in the unending search for new means for meeting the ever new demands of growth and development.

May you as Graduates experience progressiive advancement in both achievement and reward.

CATHERINE LYNCH.



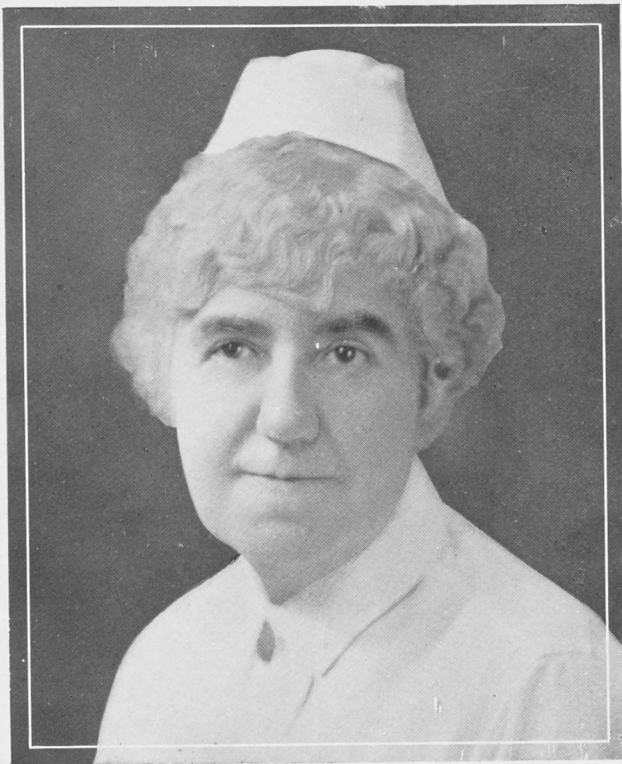


MISS T. WIGGINS  
*Assistant Superintendent*

Dear Members of the  
1938 Class:

*I* extend congratulations and best wishes for success. My wish is that you will always carry with you a vision of what you are hoping to achieve, and that you will have many opportunities to make that vision real.

TRYPHINA WIGGINS.



MISS M. McGILVRAY  
*Night Superintendent*

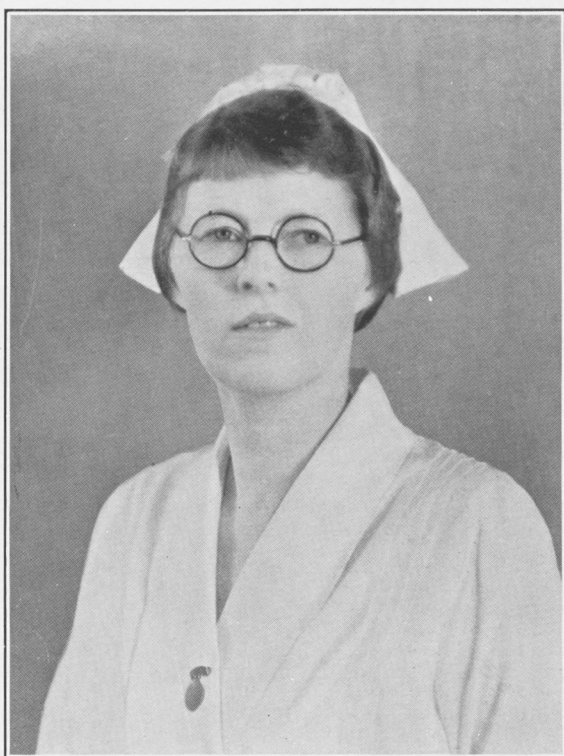
To the Graduating  
Class, 1938:

*I*T GIVES me great pleasure to wish each and everyone of you success and great happiness in your future career.

This is a memorable occasion. Not only is it your Graduation day, but also the year in which we are celebrating the Jubilee of our Training School.

So you will be our outstanding class. May you keep up that record in the years to come by bringing more honor and dignity to our school and profession.

MARGARET C. MCGILVRAY, 1910.



MISS H. JOHNSON  
*Assistant Night Superintendent*

*O*nward Christian Soldiers! Yes, as if to war, for in this world of uncertainty and confusion there will be many opportunities and much need for you to do "your bit," maybe not just as you planned or dreamed.

Your chosen profession of ministering to the physically and mentally ill, no matter what your field may be, be it private or hospital nursing or the duties of your home, will demand the best you have to give, and I hope and know that you will meet each demand with your "chin up," with moral and physical fortitude as behooves one who has had her training in "The Winnipeg General Hospital." You will, you must!

May I wish you, one and all, success and much happiness in whatever you do and wherever you are.

HALLBERA JOHNSON.



# Year Book Staff



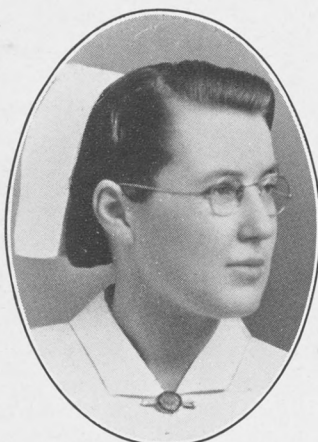
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*Photography Manager*



JENNIE FREIDEN  
*Editor-in-Chief*



GERTIE MYRDAL  
*Photography Manager*



EVANGELINE EGLAND  
*Assistant Editor*



MISS M. BALDWIN  
*Business Critic*



MISS E. McDOWELL  
*Literary Critic*



DAPHENE GILLIES  
*Advertising Manager*



THE NURSES RESIDENCE



MISS MILLER  
*Supervisor of Nurses  
Home*



MISS MUNRO  
*Night Supervisor of Nurses  
Home*



THE LIBRARY



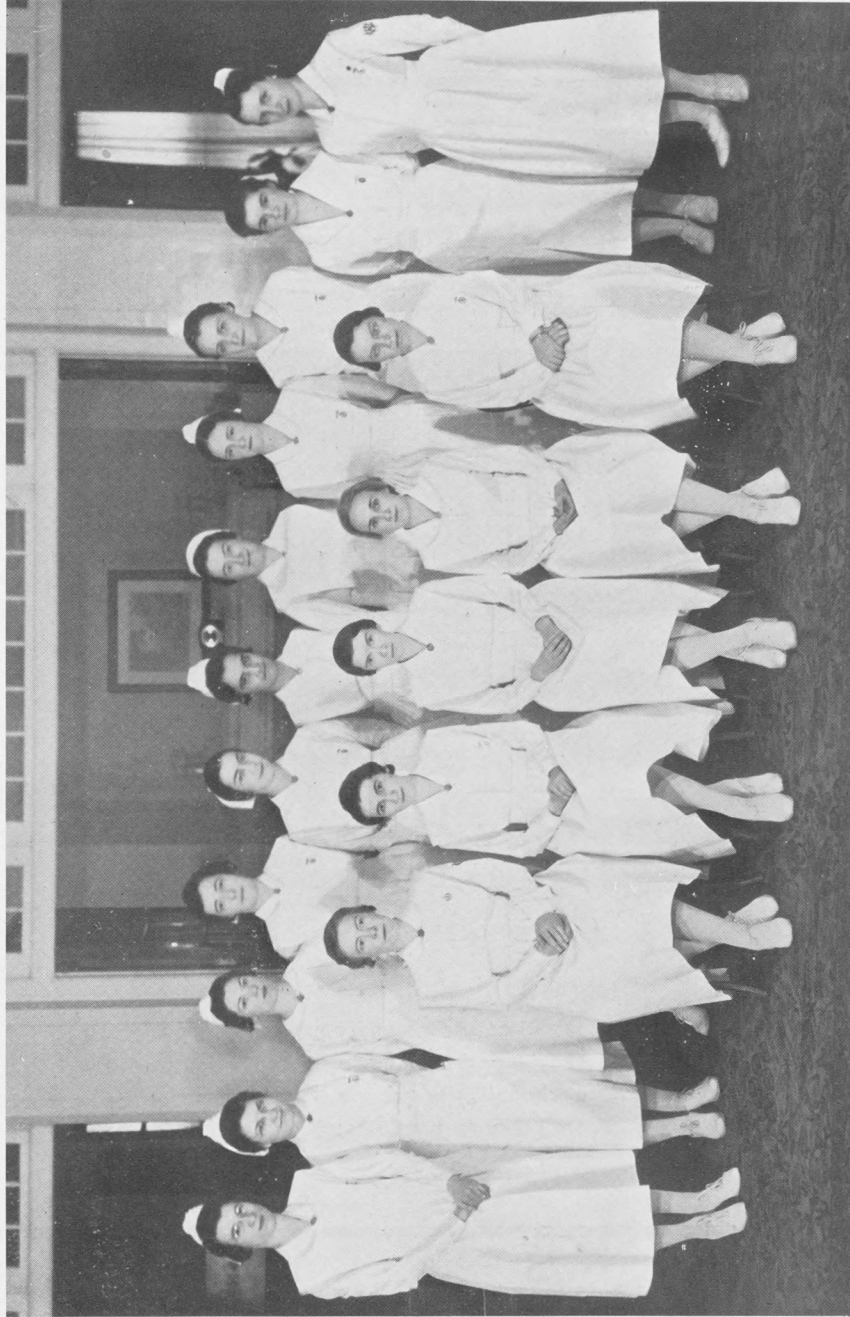


THE RECEPTION ROOM—ENTRANCE



THE RECEPTION ROOM

# Staff Nurses



Standing—Miss H. Smith, Miss Mudd, Miss Thompson, Miss Johnson, Miss Fraser, Miss Duncan,  
Miss McDowell, Miss Lunn, Miss Carlson, Miss Morton, Miss Rice.

Sitting—Miss Munroe, Miss Dawson, Miss Turner, Miss E. Smith, Miss Warner.



# In Memoriam

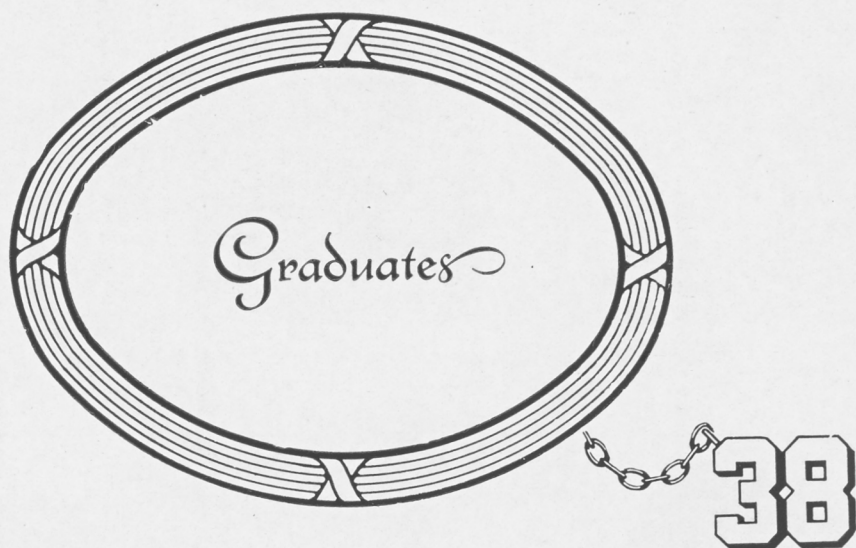


KAY HUBBARD

GRENFELL, SASK.

+

*"The world may change from year to year,  
And friends from day to day;  
But never will the one we loved  
From memory pass away."*





*Grace Janet  
Alonsa  
Mann.*



*Betty Bateman  
Leslie, Sask.*



*Elvira Benjaminson  
Winnipeg, Man.*



*Eleanor Blakely  
Canora, Sask.*



*Evelyn M. Blakely  
Canora, Sask.*



*Penelope Bonner  
Canaduff, Sask.*

*Anniversary  
Number*





*Ida Brayford  
Pine Falls, Mass.*



*Pearl Breckl  
Melville, Sask.*



*Ella May Breiddal  
Joan Lake, Sask.*



*E. Bruser  
Wackin, Sask.*



*Gladys M. Burgess  
Morden, Man.*



*Mary Jean Cole  
Richlea, Sask.*

*Anniversary  
Number*



*Jessie Curran  
Winnipeg.*



*Evangeline J. Egland  
Minnedota, Sask.*



*Addie A. H. Day  
Broadview, Sask.*



*Beatrice V. Fred  
Winnipeg, Man.*



*Jennie C. Freiden  
Winnipeg, Man.*



*H. Waphene Hillier  
Winnipeg, Man.*

*Anniversary  
Number*



*Marion Fresham  
Winnipeg, Man.*



*Nancy C. Hall  
Winnipeg Man.*



*Violet Hannon,  
Arcola, Sask.*



*Isabel Henry  
Winnipeg*



*Vera M. Walker  
Winnipeg, man.*



*Gertrude Howe  
Morden Man.*

*Anniversary  
Number*

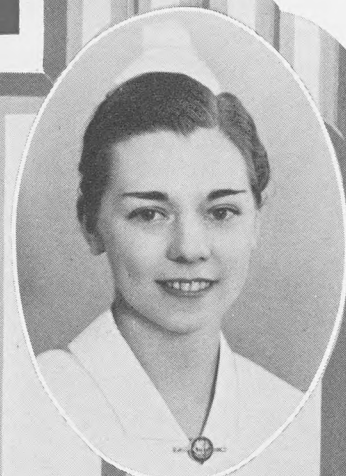




Gerry Kilvert  
Winnipeg



Elizabeth Large  
Killam, Alberta



Lillian A. Lloyd  
Winnipeg Man.



Margaret H. Leckie  
Madison, Sask.



Frances Louise Hough  
Winnipeg. Man.



Alice Macey  
Minnesota Man.

Anniversary  
Number



Irene Magill  
Winnipeg Man.

Elsie K. McGee  
Moosomin Sask.

Olive J. Macaulay  
Maseca, Sask.

Jean McDonald  
Saskatoon

Margaret C. MacLean  
Winnipeg Man.

Margaret MacDonell  
Winnipeg Man.

Anniversary  
Number

38



*Annabel M. Ford  
Macoun, Sask.*



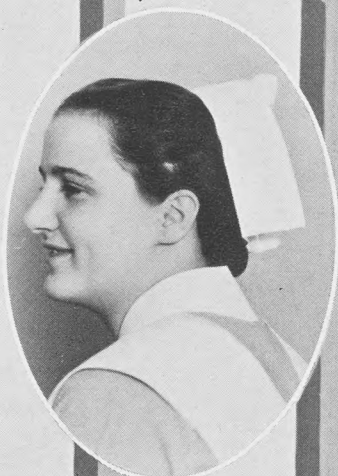
*Margaret Mitchell  
Winnipeg, Manitoba*



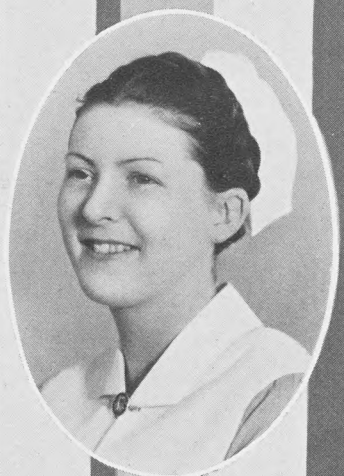
*Fern Morrison  
Kelowna, B.C.*



*Gertrude A. Myrdal  
Slenboro, Mass.*



*Elizabeth M. Neely  
Lovan, Sask.*



*Freya E. Olafson  
Osberg, Mass.*

*Anniversary  
Number*

 **38**





Jessie G. Olsen.  
Arcola, Sask.

Doris Oxenham  
Winnipeg.

Rose S. Ostapovich  
Winnipeg, Man.

Margaret Salerson  
Winnipeg Manitoba

Patricia Pettigrew  
Arch. Battleford  
Sask.

Cora Petersen  
Morden, Man.

Anniversary  
Number

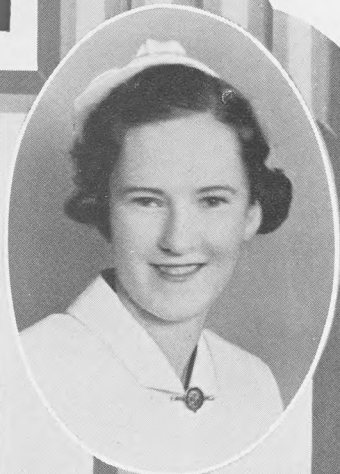
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*Constance A. Finn  
Gladstone Man.*



*Della M. Pollard,  
Winnipeg, Man.*



*Mrs. Ellen Robertson  
Gilbert Plains, Man.*



*Ellen Robinson  
Shellbrook, Sask.*



*Elizabeth Ross  
Winnipeg, Man.*



*Florence M. Sadler  
Winnipeg, Man.*

*Anniversary  
Number*



*Irene Skaville  
Winnipeg*



*Maudie Simm  
Walpole Sask.*



*Donaldela T. Simpson  
Moosomin, Sask.*



*Patricia Smith  
Vancouver B.C.*



*Margaret Smith  
Ednew, Sask.*



*Catherine Spack  
Port Haney, B.C.*

*Anniversary  
Number*





*Mary I. M. Stewart*  
*Indian Head, Sask.*



*Ruth Truman*  
*Winnipeg, Man.*



*Marion D. Turner*  
*Carroll, Iowa.*



*Anne M. Vipond*  
*Walmeyr, Sask.*



*Elsie Hard*  
*Stonewall, Man.*



*Helen Warkentin*  
*Winkler, Man.*

*Anniversary  
Number*



*Doris J. Watson  
Wolsley, Sask.*



*Katherine Weatherhead  
Winnipeg, Man.*



*Olive Wilkinson  
Leinar, Sask.*



*Nora B. Ward.  
Oshawa, Ont.*

*Anniversary  
Number*

# HOROSCOPE

Name	Known as	Saying	Hobby	Pet Aversion	Famous for	Ambitions
Amit, Grace	Armit	Orchids to you, buddy.	Dancing	Cats.	Wit.	Air hostess.
Bateman, Betty	Betty	Just wait and see.	Prolonged baths.	The George.	Good nature.	To go home.
Benjaminson, Elvera	Benjy	Oh, say, listen.	Clothes.	Staying in.	Innocence.	To special.
Blakely, Eleanor	Blakely	Oh, kid!	Parties.	D. K.	Stories.	6' 2" with blonde hair.
Blakely, Evelyn	Ev.	Close the door when you go out.	Poetry.	Internes.	Ability.	To go West.
Bonnor, Penelope	Bonnor	Gosh, I dunno!	Instructing others.	A dirty room.	Late-leave-forfeit list.	P. G. in Psychiatry.
Brayford, Ida	Ida	Hey, you!	Writing letters.	Interviews.	Perseverance.	A home for two.
Bredl, Pearl	Bredl	No! Not really?	Having tea.	Black stockings.	Flourishing speeches.	To grow plants.
Breiddal, Ella	Ella May	Says you.	Skating.	Publicity.	Her songs.	To be a second Sonja Henie.
Bruser, Edith	Bruser	Oh . . .	Reading.	Dull people.	Her numerous calls.	To go to California.
Burgess, Gladys	Gladly	Oh, what am I doing anyway?	Playing the piano.	Making her bed.	Her rhythm.	To "wake up and live."
Cole, Mary Jean	Cole	Got a pain.	Knitting.	Supervisors.	Her hair.	Peter.
Crerar, Jessie	Jay	Holy Hannah!	Going out	Eli	Last minute dashes.	P. G. in O. R.
Egland, Evangeline	Eggie	Whatever made you do it?	Writing poetry.	Canteen.	Waving hair.	To go North.
Filax, Addie	Felix	Hi, there, kiddo!	Sports.	Massaging.	Blue eyes.	To travel.
Fred, Beatrice	Freddie	I dunno.	Waking people.	Urticaria.	Her generosity.	To go to New York.
Freiden, Jennie	Jen	I couldn't stood it!	Pleating caps.	6 a.m.	Her sense of humor.	To travel.
Gillies, Daphene	Daffy	Was that my buzzer?	Rising early.	Non-advertisers.	Dinners.	To P. G. in Toronto.
Gresham, Marion	Greshie	How yu' doin', keed?	Imitating people.	Men in light grey suits.	Red hair.	To sail on the Aorangi again.
Hall, Nancy	Nance	Gad!	Speeches.	Canteen.	It.	P. G. in E. & E.
Hannon, Violet	Vi	Listen, you can't do that!	Studying.	Untidy uniforms.	Generosity.	To be a Public Health nurse.
Henry, Isobel	Hank	Forget it.	Recipes.	Work.	Her violin.	Norman.
Hillier, Verna	Verna	Hello everybody.	Whistling.	Going to bed early.	Her manner.	To get a man.
Howe, Ferelith	Ferelith	Oh, for John's sake!	Tidying.	Long nails.	Her singing.	A home of her own, plus six.
Kilbert, Geraldine	Jerry	Say, kids!	Going out.	Non-smokers.	Jolly manner.	O. R. Supervisor.
Large, Elizabeth	Beth	I won't be hurried.	Orthopedic talks.	speed plus action.	Being like Damon.	To travel.
Lloyd, Lillian	Lil	Gee it was funny.	Crocheting.	Junior work.	Hospitality.	Missouri.
Lockhart, Margaret	Lockie	Well, I'll be darned!	Parcels from home.	Evenings.	Her Roses.	R. B.
Lough, Frances	Fran	I must phone home.	Coiffures.	Tidy uniforms.	Sweet nature.	Gone.
MacDonell, Ruth	Mackie	That's what you think.	Reading.	The bell.	Reticence.	To finish.
Macaulay, Olive	Macaulay	Kids, it's just swell.	Eating.	Evenings.	Sense of humor.	To be an Ai nurse.
Macey, Alice	Alice	Filthy lucre!	Ida's.	O. S. N.	Her vocabulary	To finish.
Magill, Irene	Maggie	For the love of St. Patrick!	Dramatics.	Johnny.	Her bass singing.	110 lbs. (unattainable).
McCrae, Elsie	Elsie	Aw, we've got lots of time.	Making friends.	Orthopedic surgeons.	Blonde hair.	Vancouver.
McDonald, Jean	Jeanie	Can you bear that?	Lunches down town.	Evening duty.	Her dimples.	Eight babies.
McLeod, Annabel	Anne	I'm just furious.	Punctuality.	Committees.	Industry.	To go North.
McLean, Margaret	Mac	Gosh ! !	Worrying.	Eating.	Poise.	To be a Northern



<i>Mitchell, Margaret</i>	<i>Mitchell</i>	<i>Let's eat.</i>	<i>Eating.</i>	<i>Changing room-mates.</i>	<i>Printing.</i>	<i>To be thin.</i>	<i>[nurse</i>
<i>Morrison, Fern</i>	<i>Morrie</i>	You got something there, kid.	New and better jokes.	Cats.	Nights on the Mat.	\$500 a month.	
<i>Myrdal, Gertie</i>	<i>Gert</i>	You can never tell.	Walking exercises.	Inactivity.	Determination.	To go to Vancouver.	
<i>Neely, Elizabeth</i>	<i>Beth</i>	Pass the pickles, please	Getting letters from home.	Being a patient.	Going off duty sick.	To get through in four years.	
<i>Olafson, Freyja</i>	<i>Freyja</i>	What are you going to do?	Hiking.	Ei	Her smile.	Nurse the Law.	
<i>Olsen, Jessie</i>	<i>Jessie</i>	I wonder.	Reading McCalls'.	To be out of date.	Dressing up.	Hostess.	
<i>Ostrovitch, Rose</i>	<i>Osty</i>	Why?	Stamp collecting.	To hurry.	Arguments.	To catch up with speed.	
<i>Oxenham, Doris</i>	<i>Oxy</i>	Oh yeah!	Typing notes.	Moving.	Her good nature.	Private Secretary.	
<i>Paterson, Margaret</i>	<i>Marg.</i>	I was thrilled.	Cultivating music.	Scrubbing units.	Superlative adjectives.	Paris.	
<i>Peterson, Cora</i>	<i>Pete</i>	Sure thing—you bet.	Having fun.	Torn articles.	Personality.	To go to Pontiac.	
<i>Pettigrew, Patricia</i>	<i>Pett.</i>	Oh you kids!	Exercising her olfactory nerves.	Leaving doors open.	Appearance.	Home.	
<i>Pinn, Connie</i>	<i>Pin</i>	I don't mind	Buying hats.	To be contradicted.	Dates.	To be famous.	
<i>Pollard, Della</i>	<i>Della</i>	Don't disturb me.	Typing.	Infirmary.	Her coffee pot.	An Interne.	
<i>Robertson, Ellen</i>	<i>Robbie</i>	My dear, I'm telling you!	Coffee at 3 p.m.	Juniors.	Eats from home.	To marry a Doctor.	
<i>Robinson, Eileen</i>	<i>Robbie</i>	Laugh! I thought I'd die!	Getting around.	Class meetings.	Smiling Irish eyes.	To pass her R. N.	
<i>Ross, Elizabeth</i>	<i>Betty</i>	Hey, Large.	Books.	Dishonesty.	Being like Pythias.	To play Contract Bridge.	
<i>Sadler, Florence</i>	<i>Flo</i>	Ruthie!	Making skirts and sweaters.	To be dull.	Her high-pitched voice.	To be an instructress.	
<i>Scoville, Frances</i>	<i>Fran</i>	That's swell, kid.	Clothes.	Cut fingers.	Smartness.	P. G. in Psychiatry.	
<i>Simm, Maud</i>	<i>Maudie</i>	Huh!	Corner store.	Staff.	Complexion.	A man.	
<i>Simpson, Donalda</i>	<i>Don</i>	We're as good as done.	Sleeping.	T. S. O.	Honesty.	To go North.	
<i>Small, Patricia</i>	<i>P. Small</i>	Whoops!	Movies.	Psycho.	Eyes.	Raising dogs.	
<i>Smith, Margaret</i>	<i>Auley</i>	Don't be silly.	Going out.	Tidy room.	Modesty.	To have a good time.	
<i>Spark, Catharine</i>	<i>Sparky</i>	Oh kiddy!	Going down town.	Cleaning false teeth.	Making dates over the telephone.	To grow up.	
<i>Stewart, Mary</i>	<i>Mary</i>	Gee whiz!	Keeping her diary up to date.	Untidiness.	Perseverance.	Public Health.	
<i>Truman, Ruth</i>	<i>Ruthie</i>	I'll be b - - -	Sleeping in.	Working late.	Her unfinished sweater.	O. R. nurse.	
<i>Turner, Marion</i>	<i>Maime</i>	Honest to John!	Hair dressing.	Losing late-leaves.	Grouching at breakfast.	To be like Florence Nightingale.	
<i>Vipond, Grace</i>	<i>Gracie</i>	Don't you see?	Sewing.	C flat.	Energy, plus.	To nurse in Alaska.	
<i>Ward, Elsie</i>	<i>Wardie</i>	Pie-eyed.	Sleeping after 6 a.m.	Macaroni.	Her smile.	To be a millionaire's daughter.	
<i>Warkentin, Helen</i>	<i>Warky</i>	Get out, I want to sleep!	Embroidering.	The George.	Her sketches.	To retire.	
<i>Watson, Doris</i>	<i>Watson</i>	Listen—I'm telling you!	Writing letters.	Bed-pans.	Dependability.	Superintendent.	
<i>Weatherhead, Kath'ne</i>	<i>Koko</i>	I'll reportcha.	Knitting bed-jackets.	Untidiness.	Her pink coat.	Missionary.	
<i>Wilkinson, Olive</i>	<i>Wilky</i>	Ev'ah so nice!	Reading.	Being called "pleasantly plump."	Her giggle.	To reduce.	
<i>Wood, Nora</i>	<i>Woodie</i>	Oh you kids!	Being punctual.	Hit and run drivers.	Sleep walking.	To stay out all night.	

## *Jubilee*

**T**HIS summer—beginning July 5th to be precise—all roads will lead to Winnipeg! Highways, steelways, waterways and airways will carry their precious burden of W.G.H. Alumnae to their happy destination—the Jubilee celebrations. There will be laughter and reminiscences such as are heard only when old friends meet. They are coming back, across the years that have intervened, to add a unique glamor to graduation week.

The members of the Graduating Class extend their welcome to these older children of our Almna Mater, knowing that, whilst ours will be the joy of fulfilment to be realized on that “Day of our dreams, O Day”—yet we shall not be able to enter fully into this other happiness that will come to those whose graduations are memories, but who have tasted a more full life of achievement and service.

The History of Nursing Pageant will be lovely and inspiring and we will be humbly grateful, yet proud and happy to play our part in the final act of that Pageant—our own Graduation!

Our welcome, then, to the Jubilee celebrants, and our appreciation to those who have planned and executed the details of all the functions which will mark the passing of the first fifty years of our School.

CLASS 1938.

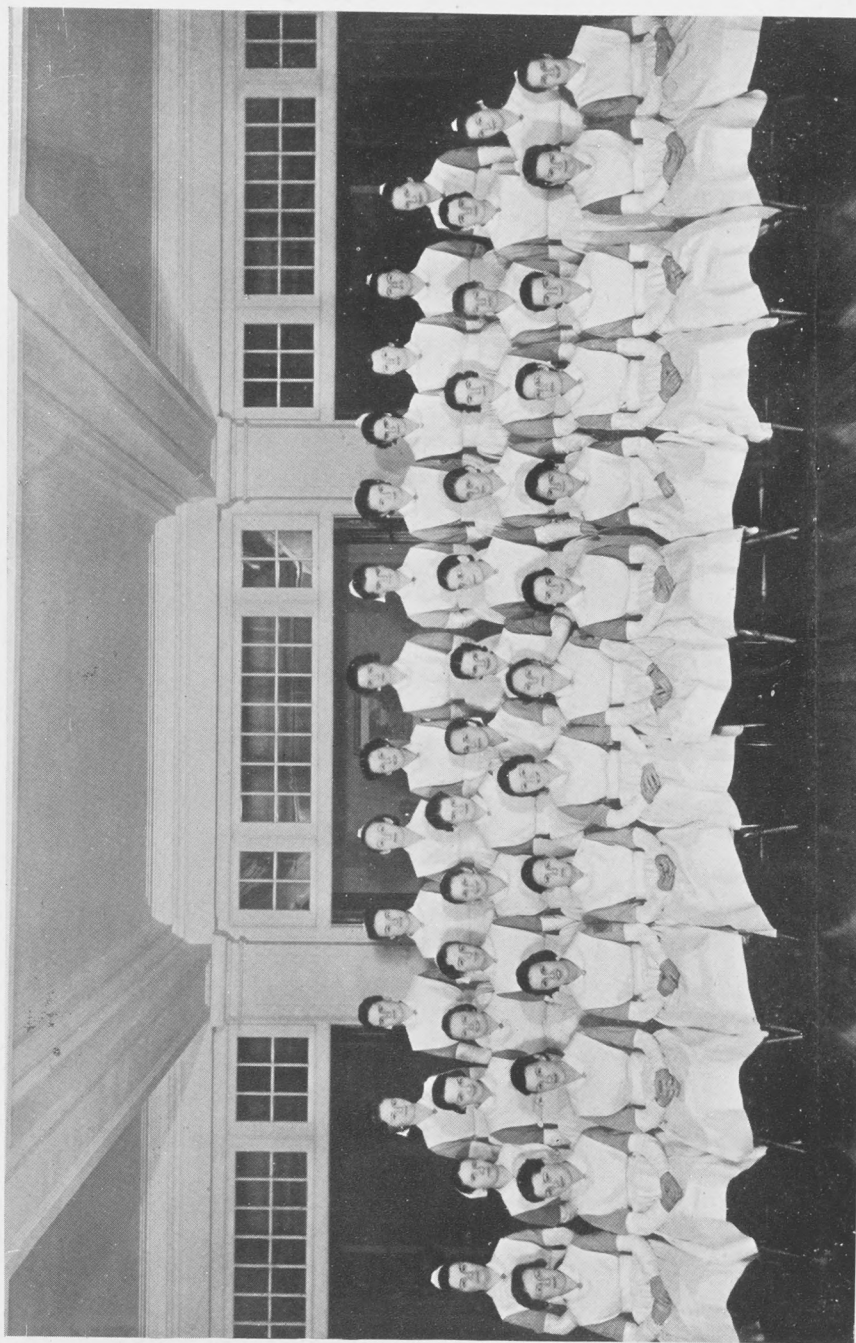
# *Internes*



*Standing (left to right)—Dr. Alexander, Dr. La Croix, Dr. Blair, Dr. Ross, Dr. Ogryzlo,  
Dr. K. Peacock, Dr. McIntyre, Dr. Locke, Dr. Kells, Dr. McKenty, Dr. Cadham, Dr. McCulloch,  
Dr. J. Swan, Dr. Brookier, Dr. Falconer.  
Sitting—Dr. Tisdale, Dr. R. Swan, Dr. Henderson, Dr. Curry, Dr. Bruser, Dr. Inglis, Dr. Johnson,  
Dr. Ramsay, Dr. Waugh.*

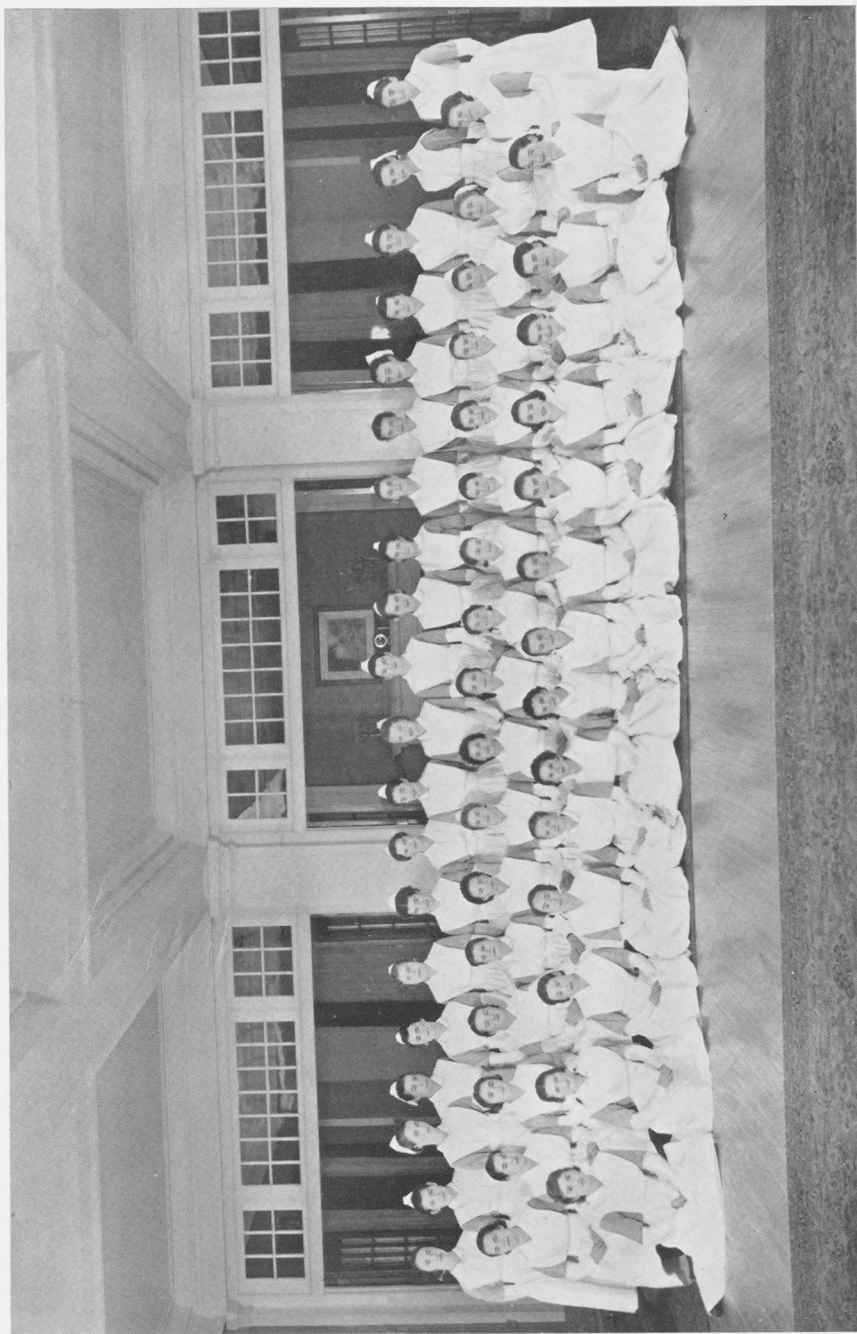


# Class of 1939



*Top Row*—F. Waugh, B. Wallace, D. Campbell, C. Davis, E. McCurdy, B. Morrison, P. Anderson,  
 D. Johansson, I. Grose, M. Greaves, M. Ewbanks.  
*Second Row*—J. Seale, B. Benedict, F. Queen, O. Thorvaldson, M. Cowie, Monthey, M. Scheving,  
 I. Sorbo, E. McCurdy, O. Jacobs, A. Nelson, M. Primmer, D. Jackson, H. Wilson, E. Murray.  
*Third Row*—O. West, M. Blackburn, B. Dyer, J. Bryce, G. Arnott, M. Cook, R. Whiteman,  
 A. Carpenter, R. H. Smith, J. Hunter, M. Thompson, R. J. Smith, A. O'Neil.

# Class of 1940



Back Row—F. Tritt, E. Marean, N. Jenkins, I. Aikman, C. Mason, H. Hanson, F. MacRae, A. Adams, A. Jakeman, E. Campbell, F. Pearse, M. Proctor, G. Fletcher, I. Beachell, E. Toews, V. Morrison, K. Syme, A. Porter, E. Vaccher, M. Wilson.  
 Second Row—R. Vingie, M. Greenway, H. Boulton, F. Thompson, T. Frederickson, H. Emke, E. Brown, S. Tait, M. McInnes, E. Carefoot, M. Williams, J. Simmie, F. Horner, E. Shields, A. Billinkoff, K. Ellerington, M. Badger.  
 Front Row—H. Minnish, C. Skaptason, M. Robson, M. Friers, F. Arnason, E. Handford, D. Bird, F. Dinsley, J. Godkin, B. Neal, B. Dundee, L. Crozier, F. Clark, E. Archer.

# The Court of Human Relations

FROM THE PRESS BOX

*I*N THE dim light of the night court, huddled together like miserable wretches, we behold a group of people. But these are not the ordinary "bench sitters" of the court—instead of rags and tatters, they are clothed in uniform of blue and white and—they are all young girls! Moved by curiosity at this strange sight, we strain our ears to hear the charges held against them, and many strange things fall on our bewildered ears.

Standing before the judge now is a small dark-haired girl called Carpenter, who is pleading guilty to a charge of disorderly conduct; viz., doing a Big



Apple on Portage Avenue in front of City Park, September 15; and also, on the same night, climbing to the top of the Bus Stop sign on Portage and Sherbrooke. The culprit denies having had anything stronger than coffee and wieners, refuses to squeal

on those who were with her, and is sentenced to six weeks hard labor on "C."

"Next case!" calls the judge.

"Your Honour, this girl, known to her intimates as Dyer, is guilty of arson of the worst form."

Judge—"Evidence, please."

Attorney—"May I present some exhibits to prove my point?"

Judge—"Very well."

Attorney (holding up a blackened, disfigured object)—"This, my colleagues, was once a perfectly good colloidal bath, very necessary to relieve itchy skins. Now, this young lady, while serving her term on "C," is known to have burned



several of these, as well as another article which cannot be produced, but which pricks her conscience periodically whenever she cleans her bureau drawer—her place of concealment for such articles."

Judge—"Is this true, young lady?"

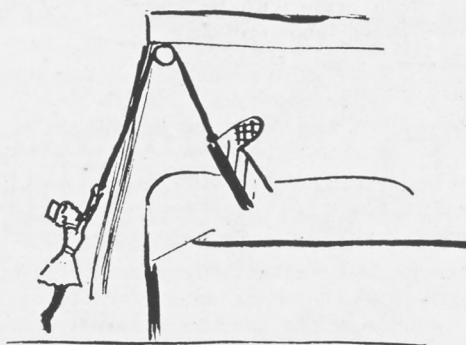


Dyer—"Yes, all except the part about me cleaning my bureau drawer. Gosh, I've never done *that!*"

As Dyer is led away, a very small red-headed girl, known apparently as Roberta H., comes meekly forward.

Judge—"Miss Smith, you are charged with having uttered malicious threats against a certain young interne. Would you mind telling the court what provoked these said threats."

Miss Smith—"Well, Your Honour, it was this way. One day as I was going merrily on about my own business on W1, dodging Balkan frames, pulleys, cradles, etc., this young interne came buzzing along looking for a nurse to help him erect another



Balkan frame. Everyone else was busy except me, so the Charge Nurse told him to get me to help him, at which he shouted: "Miss Smith? H - - ll, she's too darn small!" Now Your Honour, when every patient on the flat hears a thing like that you can imagine how my professional dignity was abused—and besides, I was darn helpful crawling in little out of the way places, so there!"

Judge—"Case dismissed. I don't blame you. I probably would have done more than mutter at him."

Gradually the cases are brought up and tried. These are a strange sort of law breakers, for they are charged with:

Riding in wheel-chairs—a most unladylike procedure.

Giving imperial glucose enemas instead of medical glucose.

Playing hymns that nobody knows, and then—too fast.

Exposing the knees and back. This case was dismissed when the defendant pleaded guilt to wearing an O.R. gown.

Just when I think we're all going goofy, the whole group of them are brought back and charged with libel. During the ensuing chatter and babble



of explanations we are able to make out that this class of incorrigibles presented a skit at Christmas time, impersonating everyone in sight, much to the embarrassment of the probationers and seniors.

Absolutely bewildered and wondering if everything is haywire, I turn to a fellow reporter.

"Say, who are these goofy females, anyhow—inmates of some nut-house?"

He answers: "Nope, just the class of 1939 C, of the Winnipeg General Hospital."

Then it all becomes clear to me, as I have heard before, that if you want something goofy done just call on them—'39 C.



# “The First Nurse”

## AN HISTORICAL INTERLUDE

Aw, NERTS!” said Adam.

It was their first day out of the Garden and Adam had not got used to these new clothes yet. Imagine having to wear fig-leaves, of all things, and so darn prickly, too. Such a business, he ruminated, having to get up in the morning and go to work. Dig, dig, dig, that’s all he seemed to do, and when it was all over perhaps it would be a drought year, then with the crop all shot they’d have to go on relief. And who was going to pay it, with Eve, Cain, Abel and himself the only ones in this whole world—and the boys only youngsters still, not even old enough to sell papers?

“Aw, Nerts!” he repeated and sank down under a rhododendron, “all this trouble over an apple. ‘An apple a day keeps the doctor away.’ Shucks! even a doctor with an operating complex would be better than this. If only Eve hadn’t listened to ‘Old Swivel-Hips.’”

There she was now, nothing about the whole affair seemed to bother her. Only yesterday the family was cavorting around in the swellest lay-out you could ask for, with never a worry in the whole world. Why even the railway and steamship travel folders couldn’t have enticed them out of Eden. Then, “phooey!” it was all a dream and there she was just as pleased as could be admiring her Olive leaf outfit in the still surface of the water-pool. Standing there, twisting and turning and primping, anyone would think that the *au natural* they effected in the garden wasn’t a doggone sight more comfortable than these itchy leaf costumes.

“Just about enough,” grumbled Adam, “I’ve had just about enough. The best thing I can do is high-tail out of here and get me a nice little place that nobody knows about. Some place I can drop into for a quiet evening without any of the distractions of the family. Perhaps I could find another rib running around loose that would really understand me.”

“Boy, oh boy! that is a thought,” exclaimed the old schemer, “the more I think of it the better I like it. Now, if I can only get away without Evie seeing me, everything will be ‘Okey-doke.’”

Watching Eve, still busy with her adorning, trying a new coiffure with the aid of a prickly pear, Adam started to back out of the clearing.

Suddenly the air was rent with a shriek. Eve dropped the pear with a splash into the pool she was using as a mirror and whirling in the direction from which the cry had come saw poor old Adam,

his fig leaf pants badly torn, with a stream of blood running down his leg from a gash in the thigh caused by a jab from the business end of a gigantic thorn needle.

“Oh, Adam, my darling!” cried Eve, “what ever have you done? Oh, your pants, they’re all torn and you’re injured! Oh, Adam, my poor, poor dear, my old fuzzy-head, come right over here to the pool and let me fix you up!”

“Tain’t nothing, Eve, honest it isn’t,” exclaimed Adam. “Just a little scratch and, shucks, it doesn’t even hurt. Leave it alone, I’ll be alright.”

“That’s what you think,” retorted Eve, taking Adam by the arm and leading him over to the pool. “Why that’s just the kind of a wound that causes septic poisoning. I’ll bet that thorn was just covered with bacteria. First thing you know you’ll have a streptococci infection and then where would you be? You come right over here and let me attend to you properly.”

“Cain! Abel!” she shouted, “your dad has hurt himself. Come here!”

Then, so that the boys would pay some attention, “quickly!”

“Hurt himself!” they exclaimed in unison. “Aw! Dad, why don’t you watch out? And your new pants all torn, too!”

“Now, stop talking that way to your father,” reproved Eve. “Cain, you get a dish of water and you Abel, get me some of those herbs I picked this morning. Adam,” in exasperation, “please, don’t twist around like that, be still just a few minutes and I’ll have you all fixed up.”

Cain came running with the bowl, dipping it full from the pool. Abel brought the herbs and Eve set to work making a bandage of cotton wood leaves, then with the best technique cleansed the gash and bandaged it neatly.

“There,” she said, giving it a final tap. “There you’re all fixed up and as good as new. Doesn’t it feel better?”

“Well—er—yes,” replied Adam, hesitatingly, “but after all it is a lot of fuss over a little scratch!”

“Oh, Adam, don’t be so silly. Why, you never know what a wound like that might lead to if not attended to properly.” Then, as an afterthought—“Now don’t you think you’d better get back to the gardening?”

“Yes,” said Adam.



## IF

*I*F YOU can keep your head, when all about you  
Are losing their's, and blaming it on you;  
If you can take the stoney glares and screaming,  
And taking, also learn to love them, too;  
If you can wait, and not be tired of waiting,  
Or, being shouted at, and not shout, too,  
Then come to the long bright corridor,  
The General's O.R. on the second floor—  
They will all be waiting there  
For you.

If you can turn deaf ears on all the roars,  
And at odd times, mop up the blood-stained floors;  
If you can learn to lip-read all commands,  
And quickly do all scrub-nurse's demands;  
If you don't mind the sight of blood and gore,  
Or blood-soaked sponges, dripping on the floor,  
Then come, etc.

If you can force your head and heart and sinew,  
To serve their turn, long after they are gone,  
And so hold on, when there is nothing in you  
Except the will which says to them, "Hold on!"  
If you can stand all through an operation,  
And standing so, not mind the long duration,  
Then come, etc.

If you can borrow half-sheets from the "hoarders,"  
And borrowing, can yet be ever spry;  
If you can readily fulfil all orders,  
And in fulfilling, never question "why?"  
If you can fill each and every minute  
With sixty seconds worth of distance run,  
Yours is the O.R. and everything that's in it,  
And what is more, you'll be a good scrub nurse  
In the bright days that are to come.



*I*S THERE anyone who hasn't heard of Paddy? We doubt it. He has seen us all and many classes ahead of us begin our training as Pros., capped and graduated. His favorite sports are reading and talking, in which he excels, when he is not exposing someone to that ever contagious element—his smile. His most notable characteristic is the twinkle in his eye, the influence of which predicts a decidedly better prognosis for anyone entering 312 on Wiii. Those four walls enclose a small place, but it is world-wide in knowledge, humor and good feeling, because Paddy is there. Here's to you, Paddy!



'T was a dark and stormy night when the little W.G.H. nurse, with luggage (seemingly enough for Wallis Simpson), hailed a taxi and betook herself to that quiet spot in this fair city—the Municipal Hospitals.

Alone on the steps of the nurses' residence, a tall forboding building, surrounded by bag and baggage, she stands ready to face the great world of bugs and technique. She thinks she knows what "technique" is, after having had the Mat. and the O.R., but what a surprise awaits her!

It is here that we learn what separate technique really is, also "dish-pan" hands—to say nothing of the arms.

May we thank Miss Robertson for her warm hospitality and sympathy, Miss Grant for her witty and most instructive lectures, and the staff for their patience in the guiding of each new raw recruit.

## COMMANDMENTS OF THE GEORGE

1. Remember thy hair net, and keep it from being holey.
2. Thou shalt have no outside interests before thee.
3. Thou shalt not make for thyself any fancy curls above thy head, around thy face, or below thy neckline. ("Curls are fine to catch the boys—they also catch the bugs").
4. Thou shalt not covet thy patients' sleep, thou shalt not covet thy patients' food in the ice box, nor anything that is thy patient's.
5. Honour the rules and regulations or thy days may not be long in the training before thee.
6. Thou shalt not linger on the door step at 11.31.

## Margaret Scott Nursing Mission

SIX A.M. What! No bell! Whatever is the matter? Oh! The secret is that we are at the Mission. Eight glorious weeks to look forward to.

With a nice big sigh we roll over, back to another hour of sleep, thinking, but without envy, of the girls at the General getting up.

At 9 o'clock we are shown the ins and outs of those mysterious little black bags we have so often wondered about.

Finally we are ready to depart. Resplendent in a nice long black coat and a hat that even now we are wondering how it will ever stay on.

Accompanied by a staff nurse we set forth to care for the patients out on the district. What a wonderful broadening experience are the days at the Mission. The grand feeling we get when we see the grateful look in the eyes of our patients when we succeed in easing their pain-racked minds and bodies!

To many of our patients the visit of the Mission nurse is the only bright and cheery part of an entire day.

In the evening when the day's work is done we gather round the table in the living-room to study or knit or to whatever our inclinations lead us.

The radio with its soft music helps us relax and sends a peaceful air around as we think of a day well spent.

The days swiftly pass. Each day something new or interesting comes up.

All too soon our Mission days are over; and as each one leaves, her heart pays a silent tribute to Mrs. Margaret Scott to whose untiring efforts those wonderful days at the Mission are made possible.

### THE M. S. N. M.

I'm off to the Mission for 56 days!  
The opportunity at last has come my way  
To learn how to be a Public Health Nurse,  
One of the nicest trainings in our 3 years course.

A greeting of welcome—so much like home;  
A parlor, dining-room, 10 bedrooms, 2 phones,  
A larder so full, I'll never go hungry  
As long as I'm here—8 weeks next Monday.

In at 10:30 instead of 10,  
And to sleep 'til 7—what a yen!  
Up with the gong, tho' I still see the moon;  
Down to prayers, to sing a hymn out of tune.

To Nita's and Sarah's breakfast we sit,  
Such good wholesome food—we don't leave a bit.  
Then up to our rooms to don our clothes,  
Be sure and put lots on—it's 20 below!

Down come our bags, we pick up our slips  
To see where we're going—way out in the sticks!  
An Obs. you can start on—oh, what a break!  
Accompanied by Miss Brad to watch your mistakes.

A rush for the street car—the conductor smiles,  
We produce our ticket, this traveller of miles.  
Out with the Guide Book to find our way—  
We'd be lost without it—it's saved many a day.

The next stop is ours, then walk a few blocks,  
At last we arrive; on the front door we knock.  
A dog barks inside, a baby cries;  
Well, this is the place; with relief we sigh.

Place bags on paper, and wash our hands.  
Out with necessities and mother on a pan.  
Then sponge her, take baby; "what a cute little mite!"  
You're not very old?" "No, just born last night!"

The next stop on Selkirk to visit a chronic.  
Well, let us be off—she thinks we're a tonic.  
It's time for full sponge and general care  
Which means care to nails and care to hair.

Dear me! It's almost 11 o'clock!  
And two more visits before we hit dock,  
Unless there are any new cases in sight;  
We'd better 'phone and find out if you're right.

"The Margaret Scott Mission?" "Is there anything new?"

"Oh, yes, one on Magnus, a little boy with the flu;  
The doctor's been in and left some orders—  
Sinapism, inhalation, temp. sponge and force fluids."

So after we've taken the history and temp.,  
We 'phone to find where we next will be sent.  
"You're to finish your cases and then come in"—  
Which leaves only one dressing and one insulin.

Then a wait in the cold for a Selkirk car,  
It's after 12 and we're almost starved!  
But we soon arrive and read our reports,  
And we're ready for dinner, which is piping hot.

An hour's rest, then more visits to make,  
And return about 5, or a few minutes late.  
We finish our records and refill our bags  
And change our uniforms into glad rags.

So the first day ends with a sigh of relief  
That we did so well (against our belief).  
The work is a pleasure and we've a goal to reach—  
"To prevent and to cure, but above all, to teach."



## THE EYE AND EAR OPERATING ROOM

RECOLLECTIONS of the eye and ear bring back impressions of an interesting, instructive and thoroughly enjoyable special training. Training days and experiences always combine the sublime with the ridiculous and it is ever thus, even in the eye and ear operating room.

Our first recollection is of a vain attempt to gain entrance into the mysterious portals through a stubbornly locked door, and of our overflowing gratitude to the kindly senior who finally let us in.

Then the furtive flipping with a duster and a whirr of the telephone requesting our presence on some flat.

Next, the painstaking efforts to fashion a cap (a real gauze one) out of material that just would not be fashioned. The cap is prepared—we try it on. Good heavens, is that really me! Where is the dash and glamour of the rakish looking cap everyone else is wearing? I look like an ambitious housewife on the morn she undertakes her spring housecleaning. I am assured everyone looks like that at first—experience and slight-of-hand is all that is required.

Then I timidly step into the O.R. and midst attempts to focus the light (that, too, requires experience and slight-of-hand) and vain efforts to keep that cap on, we spend a breathless first morning.

I made the acquaintance of a charming little man who sings his patients to sleep or, if all else fails, sends me flying for the anaesthetic mallet or the little black book which tells him exactly what to do in any emergency. I remember listening round-eyed with admiration of his accounts of how he took his anaesthetic training at a correspondence school and how proud he was on graduation day as he strolled through the streets in his cap and gown to receive his diploma from the post-office. I was expressing my admiration of his great skill and knowledge and thinking of studying pianoforte in the same way when I noticed the glee on everyone's face and realized I was being led on again.

Anyway, Dr. Grant, we will all admire your helpfulness and your interest. In fact we think you're tops!

Never will I forget the look on a junior interne's face, as pale and perspiring he endeavored to snare his first elusive tonsils, or my frantic efforts to get the tannic acid off my fingers before I became glued to my tray.

As time went on, I became initiated into the wonders of eye work. The beauty of the tiny eye instruments, the skill of the agile fingers of the surgeons and the suspense of the moment of expressing the lens, will always remain keenly etched on my memory. Why couldn't I remember that large doctor usually required a retaining suture and why did my fingers turn into thumbs when I tried to thread those elusive little needles?

The staff doctors were all very kind and sympathetic. They never seemed too busy to be patient and understanding with the terribly green new scrub-nurse even in the face of receiving a snare without the wire. Maybe their language was a trifle profane at times and some did like throwing instruments about—but once one learned to become deaf p.r.n and developed the art of dodging, things went smoothly enough.

Then the excitement of the first mastoid scrub—the peak of one's training reached. We thought Miss Lunn welcomed the opportunity to try her skill with the zippy electric razor.

Speaking of Miss Lunn, we recollect her graciousness and goodness, always cool and charming, and always willing to answer questions and help us with our difficulties. She epitomizes that friendly atmosphere which pervades the eye and ear.

At last we are on instruments, rather regretfully, because it means the end of our training is approaching. How did that tonsil separator get into the nasal set and where are those little balloons that look so cute when they are inflated?

In spite of all, it was a lovely training and anyone who has had the welcome opportunity of experiencing it can realize why every student regretfully takes her leave at the end of eight weeks.

## STAFF OF THE EYE AND EAR

**I**N ONE small corner of that corridor on second floor and whose doors bear the forbidding message, "Operating Room—No Visitors, is one "special" little department. It may be considered insignificant and dull by many, but to those who have worked there, it is and, always will be, "Special." Remarks, however, seem to centre more on the staff than on the department.

Dr. Grant (our whistling anaesthetist) can truly be considered valuable, due to his treatments—numerous winks for the eyes, music for the ears, ether for the nose, and laughter for the throat. He is positively indispensable—"the jolly old Whitehead." He also affords excellent entertainment for the children, shall we say in nose-pushing and ear-pulling?

Joe, chief stretcher-pusher and coffee-drinker, is always at hand when you need him—nearly. Specializes in original songs and bacon sandwiches.

If you don't want any "Black" looks—keep that "d---n" straight knife off his tonsil trays. He always arrives early and loves form-fitting coats for surgeons and back-biting—that is, the forcep.

When an "Elfin(?)"-like creature floats in to do a cataract, be sure to give him a **single** wipe for a handkerchief—he'll be **so** pleased. Be sure to bandage his wrists immediately, and keep wiping off the instruments, especially the Graafian knives, to show him you know how to handle them. Always leave a tap dripping to relieve the quiet atmosphere.

When Dr. Washington finishes an operation, suggest the suture jar as a good place for his mask and cuffs. Never put out a rubber syringe if you think he'll want it, and tell him you can't find his key if he asks for his glasses. His favorite indoor sport is blowing up balloons.

Eddy Alexander makes the nurses boil and then wonders why the solution is hot when he wants it at body temperature. He loves the "beautiful nurses" (wherever they are) and removes all steel from their eyes with his magnetic personality.

You do anything but "Grieve" when that certain doctor is around. Half an hour late is practically early for him. He dons his headmirror sideways, and keeps us in stitches while he snares and keeps things going. And regarding suction—there's a tip.

There are no "Percy" lips when Dr. Bell comes ringing round. We're up on our toes 'cause he's a favorite and always appreciates every little attempt at assistance.

Miss Lunn's head may be red, but that doesn't mean its hot. She's got everything a supervisor should have—and even though you leave eye-instruments gory, pour cocaine into white medicine glasses and put mastoid drapes on sideways, she can still manage to smile, while you feel like "green" soap slithering down the sink. She's always willing to give explanations, and with the merry twinkle in her eye, we think she's tops.

Dr. Currie seems to be the filler of all roles—as a surgeon he can wield the scalpel; handle the suction etc., to assist; bandage wrists as a scrub nurse, and is even good at waiting—providing he's the waiting-nurse and not waiting for the nurse.

Amateur hour each Tuesday a.m. features Dr. Locke in the Tonsil Gag for the public. Although he prefers Dr. Elvin's eye scissors for sutures, we'll try and forgive him, 'cause there's really a spot of humor behind that mask—we hope.

There are also many others, for instance, our graceful Swan, tooth-pulling Jobin and merry-making Robinson.

Do you wonder that working with a staff of this nature, the training should still be spoken of as "SPECIAL."



## SOCIAL SERVICE

**D**URING the past few months a new door has been opened to us as students. Social Service training is now our privilege. Because of the able guidance of Miss Pollexfen the eight short weeks spent in this department are treasured memories to those who find the door opened to them.

Many and varied are the people who seek aid and advice from Miss Pollexfen and her capable staff. Social problems and difficulties are patiently heard and immediately solved by these understanding social workers of the W.G.H. Nor does the work end with those who seek advice and help, many needy ones are learned of and sought out by this department.

Each day finds Miss Stratton presiding at the O.P.D. desk, instructing and guiding all who come to seek medical and surgical help; Miss Coultry busily typing histories, records, letters; Miss Stollar, our interpreter, may be found at any time, anywhere helping all—doctors, patients, nurses; and in her unique way making herself indispensable.

May we express our gratitude to Miss Pollexfen and her staff for their many services to us, and for the privilege of joining them in this new yet oldest of nursing services, which calls forth sympathy, initiative and good judgment.

## CASUALTY

**T**HROUGH the ambulance entrance  
Upon the ground floor  
Is the casualty room  
To the left of the door.  
It's white and it's clean  
And it's neat as a pin.  
It can safely be said  
To have everything in—  
Bandages, dressings, bottles and jars,  
Scissors and needles, forceps and bars;  
To cure every ailment no matter how small,  
Bruises and boils and blisters and all.

There's always Miss Baldwin  
With kind word and smile,  
To right all the wrongs and  
Make life worth while,  
For accidents happen so thick and so fast,  
That sometimes you wonder how long it can last.

In and out is Miss Nelson  
We all know her too,  
She helps pull the teeth  
And with all that's to do.

Jack is just priceless  
In words we can't say  
With what wit and wisdom  
He keeps us all gay.

Presiding till three every day except one  
Is big Dr. Ramsay, who is full of fun;  
He sutures the cuts and he sets all the bones  
Of all those not careful to step over stones;  
He's always smiling, he's good to his nurse,  
Whatever happens, his duty comes first.  
Then, after he leaves, comes some other Doc  
Who stays on the job until twelve by the clock.  
He answers all calls,  
He administers dope  
At 7 p.m. to those folks that mope.  
It's a grand place to be,  
As you will agree,  
When you serve your time  
In Casualty.



## THE INSTRUCTION OFFICE

**M**iss— look at that mackintosh, it's at least three hand-spans from the top of the bed—move it up." "Miss—will you remake the bottom of this bed and don't let me find you leaving beds like that again!" "Good morning Miss—what have you done so far?" "Miss—you're not going to place that basin on the table-cover!" On it goes morning after morning. Surely, "Junior," in the Instruction Office is the most unpopular person in the whole hospital. From fellow-students on all sides, delighted cries of "Good morning Teacher!" and "How are your babies this morning?" may be heard. From the more humorous male patients, trying to be dignified, Junior hears—"I won't have anything said against my nurse—they don't come any better!" So seems the Instruction Office in the hospital.

How amusing it all appears, once behind the door of that sunny oft-dreaded room neatly labelled "Instruction Office." There wit reigns equally with wisdom, and many are the experiences of "little Junior" therein. From the lowly tasks of cleaning ink-wells and dusting the folder—text-assignment—heaped desks, to teaching "footsies" and conducting compulsory "dem" periods—the roles are indeed varied.

Gradually, "Junior's" criticism begins to fall on fertile ground and the baby lambs begin to show great progress. "Junior" begins to learn things too — for example — Adrenalin is used to cure adrenolinitis, or Morphology is the study of morphine. How astonishing will be her information if she stays much longer!

Then, one sad day poor "Junior" will have a successor and her fine big desk will belong to someone else. Surely her name will be traced in the dust she left behind!

## PSYCHOPATHIC

- P**— stands for patients, and patience yet more,  
You'll need it and plenty, yea, even galore.
- S**— is for scissors, one pair on each flat,  
Also for sleep, half hours marked stat.
- Y**— is the yearning the inmates all have  
"To get out again," and thus they all rave.
- C**— is for Crombie whose word is the law,  
The wards must be spotless, work not have a flaw.
- H**— is for H—that the patients all raise.  
This can go on for days and for days.
- O**— is for numbers that we mark on a sheet,  
One and two, but three means a treat.
- P**— stands for printing, you learn how it's done,  
Recopying sheets, whose idea of fun?
- A**— is for Adamson, give me some time,  
Mathers and Musgrove won't fit in this rhyme.
- T**— stands for tub-baths, prolonged or short,  
You give them, they take them without a retort(?)
- H**— for the hands that we often restrain,  
But how in the world does that help the brain?
- I**— is for "I" trouble and "Idiosyncs,"  
Why, on some, does life have a jinx?
- C**— is for Chalmers, remodels notes every night,  
During the day Torrie keeps things going right.  
There are no more letters, tho' much more to say,  
Psycho is a good place, but of course—not to stay.

1. Once we were room-mates.
2. Smile for the birdie!
3. That forlorn look.
4. See our caps?
5. Taking it easy.
6. A nurse in her home background.
7. C flat.
8. Hard at work.
9. V. O. N.
10. Two little girls in blue.
11. Just friends.
12. No, they're not her own.
13. On the tennis court.
14. A visiting nurse, out.
15. At the Mission.
16. Careful you don't get burnt!



## THE EFFICIENT NURSE

(With due apologies to King Solomon)

Who can find an efficient nurse?  
For her price is far above rubies.  
The heart of the patient doth safely trust in her  
For she shall do him good and not evil all the days  
of her life.  
She arriveth fifteen minutes ahead of time  
And getteth the theatre ready, and all the supplies  
laid out.  
And she looketh well to the ways of the hospital,  
And suffereth no one to eat the bread of idleness.  
She manageth the orderly with tact, and lo' he  
becometh industrious.  
Quiet maintaineth she: gossip is there none;  
For she remembereth that the hours are sacred to  
nursing, not to idling.  
The clock she watcheth not;  
Cheerfully she worketh overtime.  
She keepeth tally of the stock,  
And behold! the supplies never run out!  
Neat and orderly are the shelves, and well labelled.  
With ease and grace she poureth medications,  
Accuracy is in her eye, and quickly she bringeth  
forth hidden treasures.  
Her mouth she openeth with wisdom, and in her  
tongue is the law of kindness,  
Yet glassy is her eye to intruders, and internes  
flee in terror before her.  
Sweet is her voice at the 'phone.  
Her countenance is cheerful to visitors, and her  
manner cordial.  
Yet wise as a serpent she is  
And right clever must he be, who gets past her to  
the Master of Medicine.  
On the fevered brow she layeth her hand.  
She stretches out her hand to do treatments.  
Yea, she doeth them at 17 fomentations per half hour.  
Her fingers are those of a ready, zealous worker.  
Ten new patients per one afternoon puzzle her not,  
nor cause her confusion.  
She tattleteth not: private matters are safe in her  
keeping.  
When curious ears are thrust forth, her silence is  
like the silence of the Sphinx.  
To the Master of Medicine she is eyes, ears, mem-  
ory, encyclopedia and information bureau.  
She keepeth note of his clinics  
And telleth him when to go and come, and what  
to take with him.  
She remembereth his absent-mindedness, and  
taketh care of him accordingly.

The hospital force rise up and call her blessed.  
Her supervisor also, and she praiseth her.  
"Many nurses do well," says she,  
"But thou excellest them all."  
She receiveth a good salary  
And a bonus at Christmas  
And her own works praise her.

### FAIRY TALES OF W. G. H.

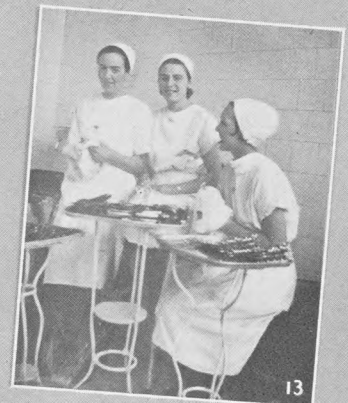
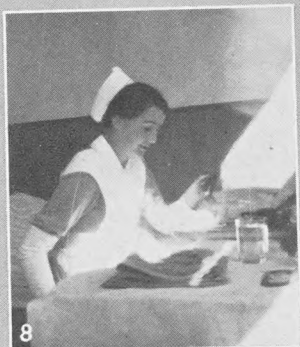
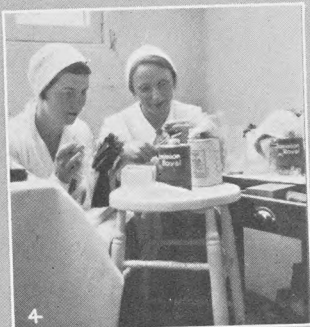
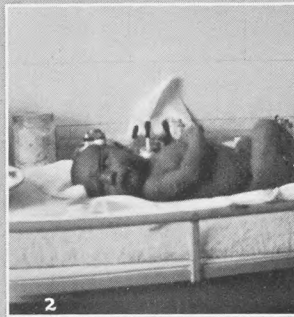
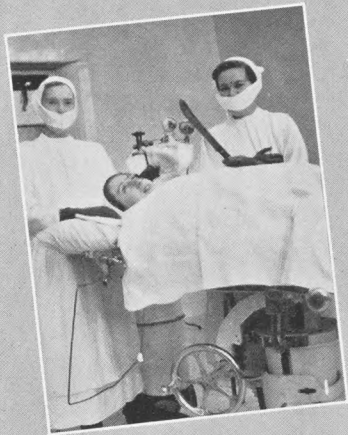
Once upon a time—  
Miss Wiggins forgot to be ethical;  
Mrs. Millar neglected to force fluids;  
Miss Turner's hair was ruffled;  
Miss Crombie misspelled a word;  
Dr. Chown complimented a nurse;  
Miss Duncan broke her technique;  
Dr. Hollenberg smiled;  
Miss Currie overlooked a broken thermometer;  
Dr. Burns dropped his bandage;  
Night watchman forgot to ring the bell;  
Miss McDowell gave the wrong dosage;  
Dr. Brandson was in a hurry;  
Miss Landy wore a torn uniform;  
Miss Munroe ignored seniority;  
Dr. Gardner lost his trousers;  
All the nurses were happy.

### SIMILES

1. As hard to catch as a maid's eye at breakfast.
2. As startling as a call to T.S.O.
3. As spotless as a Scarlet Fever patient.
4. As accumulative as a uniform pocket.
5. As cool as an ice-collar.
6. As elusive as the nurses when a doctor makes rounds.
7. As thorough as a medical student's examination.
8. As boring as the electric saw.

1. O.R. technique.
2. Color—White.
3. Skin-knife.
4. Gone, but not forgotten.
5. And if you get tough—
6. Pick of the D.K.
7. A couple of howlers.
8. And so far into the night.
9. Ladies-in-waiting.
10. On the Mat.
11. Folding gowns.
12. A few of our babies.
13. Instruments, and more instruments!



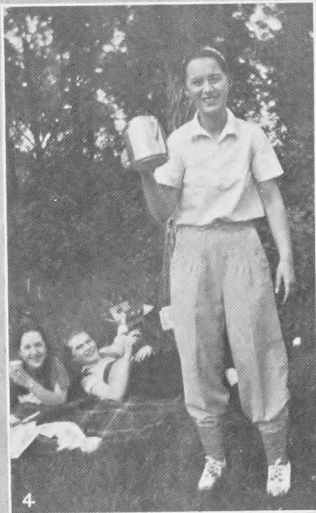
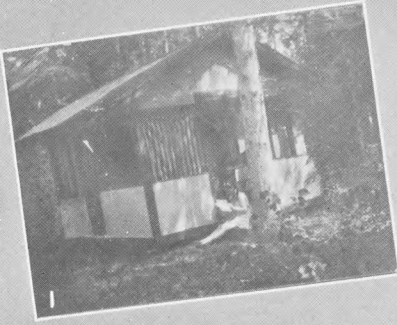




## Margaret Scott's Prayer

+

Almighty God, we humbly beseech Thee to bless the work of this mission, and to further with Thy continued help all those who labour in it, in Thy love and for Thy glory. Grant us lowliness of spirit, steadfastness of faith, and perseverance in all good works, and bring us at last to Thy Heavenly Kingdom, through Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.



1. I want to be alone.
2. Casualty.
3. On the brink.
4. Have some?
5. Check the sponges, please.
6. Fowlers, or Knee Chest?
7. The good old Medicine Man.
8. Our lab.
9. Scrubbing.
10. George pals.
11. Where are you taking me?
12. Poise plus.



## LAST WILL

Bonnar—Her notebooks.  
 Bruser—Her prolonged baths.  
 Bredl—Her loquaciousness.  
 Burgess—Her tuneful moods.  
 Crerar—Her feet.  
 Egland—Her canteen lists.  
 Filax—Her carriage.  
 Fred—Her extra fur coat.  
 Freiden—Her white flannel nightgown.  
 Gillis—Her teapot.  
 Gresham—Liver soup.  
 Hillier—Her vocabulary.  
 Howe—Her fingernails.  
 Large—Her comfortable duty shoes.  
 Lockhart—A rose.  
 Macey—"A word for it."  
 Magill—Air-conditioned duty stockings.  
 McDonald—Her dimples.  
 McLean—Ei.  
 Mitchell—Her comfortable mattress.  
 Morrison—Rhythm.  
 Myrdal—Her magazines.  
 Neely—Her corset.  
 Olson—Her evening terms.  
 Ostopovich—Her determination.  
 Oxenham—Her ability to rennovate hats.  
 Peterson—Her averdupois.  
 Pinn—Her hot-water bottle.  
 Robinson—Late leaves.  
 Ross—Her room-mate.  
 Sadler—Her rounds with the "mean little Black Book."  
 Scoville—Her ability to stutter gracefully.  
 Smith—Her corner in the corner store.  
 Stewart—Her knitting needles.  
 Truman—Her insomnia.  
 Turner—Her morning toilet during breakfast.  
 Vipond—Her ability to do three things at once.  
 Ward—Her green kimona.  
 Warkentin—Her extra curls.  
 Wilkinson—Her giggle.  
 Wood—Her somnambulism.

## GOOD NIGHT, NURSE!

NURSE, your training period is about over. I'm going to give you a practical test."

"Go ahead, doctor."

"Imagine we're standing beside a wealthy patient in our de-luxe ward. What do we say about him?"

"He's the best patient we've ever had here."

"And if it's a woman?"

"She's just the sweetest, dearest, bravest little person that ever lived, bless her heart."

"That's fine. And what of her operation?"

"Goodness! She certainly did the right thing to call you when she did."

"And ——"

"—— If she'd waited another minute you probably wouldn't have been able to operate in time to save her."

"How about her friends?"

"Honestly, we've never known a patient to have so many callers and such perfectly beautiful flowers."

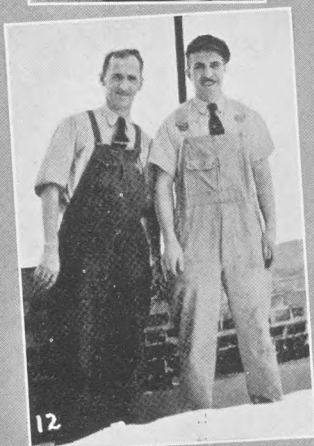
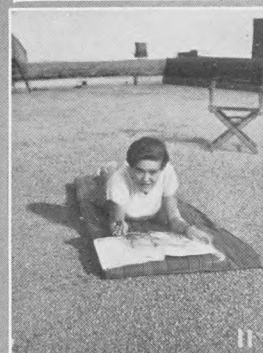
"What do we wish?"

"That all the other patients in the hospital were as considerate and cheerful and sweet and easy to get along with as she is."

"You'll do, nurse. Well, suppose we go in and see how the old sourpuss is getting along."

"Okay, doctor. But I'm warning you, if she starts whining and complaining like she's done every day since she came here, I'm going to cut loose and give her a good piece of my mind, if I don't choke her first!"—CHET JOHNSON, in *The Saturday Evening Post*.

1. Juniors.
2. All dressed up.
3. One of our number.
4. The bottom of the meniscus.
5. '38 C.
6. Good to the last drop.
7. An eskimo in disguise.
8. More of us.
9. It's real ! ! !
10. That maternal instinct!
11. Sunny side up.
12. Pete and Alec.
13. For your wonderful smile.
14. Toot-toot!



## THE GEORGE

AFFILIATION, isolation,  
Can this be my destination?  
Windows rattling,  
Nurses battling  
To see who's first at breakfast there.

Separation, desperation,  
Eating is my consolation,  
Always sighing,  
Never buying  
Anything but street car fare.

Desolation, contamination,  
Scrubbing my abomination,  
Thorough drying,  
Minutes flying.  
Don't forget to lubricate.

Desquamation, fumigation,  
Of these we learn by long oration,  
Paratititis,  
Adenitis,  
Quite confusing to us all.

Operation, incubation  
Done with such co-operation,  
Technique double,  
More the trouble,  
Clean and dirty constantly.

Subordination, degradation,  
Do we deserve this lowly station?  
By supervision  
With great precision  
We perform our duties here.

Melancholy contemplation  
Of the ills that scourge our nation,  
Running eyes,  
Babies' cries,  
Temps and rashes everywhere.

Resignation, no sensation  
And emotional stagnation,  
Here too long  
That's what's wrong,  
Yet it does attract a few.

Concentration, examination,  
Then we start our transportation,  
Taxi ready,  
Firm and steady,  
We're glad we're going back again.

Emigration, exultation!  
No danger now of dessication,  
Out the door,  
Corner store.  
Be there by half past seven.

Conflagration, dissipation,  
Will this mar our reputation?  
Laugh and sing,  
Have your fling  
For you must be in too soon.

## GEORGE DAYS

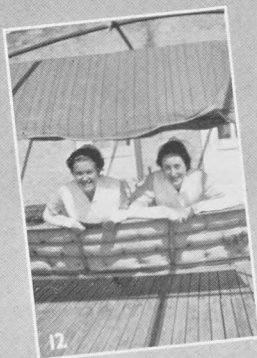
Would you like to go back to the George again,  
With your fair little hands so white  
To scrub for the chickens at the George again,  
And barriers who are not quite.

Would you like to go back to the George again,  
With your curls all over your head,  
To take your lectures at the George again,  
Hair nets to the fore instead?

Would you like to go back to the George again,  
For the sake of the home-cooked food,  
To eat too much at the George again,  
But weren't those pecan buns good?

1. A skiing we will go.
2. Well, anyway, it's comfortable!
3. She drives it, too.
4. Just scrubs.
5. Don't you like it, Robbie!
6. Where art thou going, my pretty maid?
7. A class of little probies.
8. How do you like our caps?
9. Two demure lassies.
10. Just too, too, shy.
11. Room-mates.
12. Hello!
13. The lady with the lamp.
14. Mary Jean.
15. Short cuffs.





DATE	HOOR	MEDICATION AND TREATMENTS	DIETS	NURSES' RATES
April 15	5:00 p.m.	.....	.....	New pte. patient admitted to the service of Dr. Wiggins, E.C. Great desire to succour suffering humanity. Condition appears rather bewildered.
	8:00 p.m.	Admission sponge .....	.....	Given by 1940 "A." 1940 "B" appears rather green and gullible.
April 16	6:30 a.m.	First appearance at prayers .....	.....	Feeling dewy-eyed and very much at sea. Wondering what the next step will be.
April 29	7:00 a.m.	First appearance on the wards .....	.....	At last! The long-awaited opportunity to stroke the fevered brow!
			Principles and Practice Anatomy Ethics Charting History of Nursing Dietetics Drugs and Solutions Health Education Bacteriology	
	6:30 p.m.	.....	.....	Having some difficulty with "C" diet. Suspect impaired digestion.
Aug. 9	7:00 p.m.	Dinner at Princess .....	.....	Thoroughly enjoyed. All seem in much better spirits.
Aug. 11	8:00 p.m.	Treasure Hunt .....	.....	Given by 1940 "A." Drs. E. Smith, H. Smith, T. Wiggins, and E. McDowell were present. Condition appears much brighter and more carefree.
	6:30 p.m.	.....	.....	Diet enjoyed much better. Digestion appears improved. Awaiting results of examination.
Aug. 13	12:00 noon	.....	.....	<b>To class room.</b>
	12:40 p.m.	.....	.....	<b>Returned from C.R.</b>
	1:00 p.m.	.....	.....	<b>Pulse—rapid, good quality. Respirations—rapid. Condition—capped at last!</b>
		<b>Snaps</b> .....	.....	<b>Taken as a permanent record at present condition.</b>
	6:30 p.m.	.....	.....	Condition appears greatly relieved. Enjoying diet. Eagerly looking forward to a pleasant, happy and useful three years.
			Surgical Nursing Medical Nursing Materia Medica	
Sept. 15	8:00 p.m.	Admission Sponge .....	.....	Given by 1940 "B" to 1940 "C." Much enjoyed by all. Conditions seem to be reversed, 1940 "C" being the culprits.
Nov. 19	7:00 p.m.	Birthday Party .....	.....	Given by a member of 1940 "B."
Dec. 9	8:05 p.m.	Hike .....	.....	Enjoyed by 1940 "A" and "B." All feeling much improved after the much-needed outdoor exercise.
Dec. 12	8:00 p.m.	Taffy Pull .....	.....	Given by 1940 "B" and N. Jenkins. Enjoyed by all.
Dec. 18	8:00 p.m.	Christmas Tree .....	.....	Given by A. Aikman. Presents were distributed and all thoroughly enjoyed themselves.
	6:30 p.m.	.....	.....	1940 "B" appears to be eagerly awaiting December 23.
Dec. 23	.....	.....	.....	Discharged until January 5, 1938.



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## TO DR. GRANT

*I*N OUR O.R.—the Eye and Ear,  
Life is never dull nor drear.  
You come there at seven—then relieving you go,  
But they call you back when you start feeling low.  
Then you just cannot help it,  
But stop to “laff”  
With the way you are welcomed  
On to the “staff”  
By a man small of stature,  
About five foot five,  
There’s never a doubt  
But that he is alive.  
His eyes fairly dance  
Above a long nose,  
He’s English, right  
From his head to his toes.  
I’ll tell you your life  
Has no rhyme nor rant,  
When once you’ve met up  
With DR. GRANT.

Officially he’s our anaesthetizer,  
And always leaves us a little wiser.  
He even explained, anyway, more or less  
The anaesthetic that on the slate is marked “yes.”  
And modestly said, “Anything you can’t see,  
Make no hesitations but come right to me.”

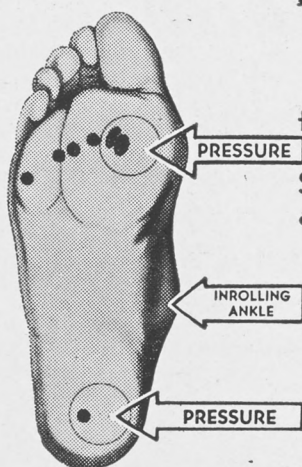
He makes them sniff ether out of a cone,  
And has them relax right through to the bone.  
He handles the suction, and keeps things going  
right,  
And e’en, if you’re busy, he’ll focus the light.  
He gags them and has the head put down low,  
And pushes the stretcher in the absence of Joe.

He’s very particular about one certain jar,  
Warm water—half on the near side and half on  
the far.  
He disapproves of a temper—so if you ever boil,  
He’ll simply add on a whole week to your toil.  
So I warn you! He’ll take it right out of your hide  
If you break any of his Ethyl Chloride.

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feet mean aches  
and pains.

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**N**URSES are lovely creatures, useful as well as ornamental; practical as well as temperamental.

If I had my way, every Canadian home would have one at least, thus doing away with a problem which confronts practically every radiant blue and white starched young thing after her graduation.

After many years observing nurses, both in hospital and the big barracks which they call the Nurses' Home (for the reason they never stay there except to sleep) and at their homes, I feel that it is my duty to present my opinion as an expert patient.

First off, it is just as well to point out that all nurses are twins. There's the prim, neat, trim, efficient little lady who answers the flashing light or sounding bell, if the patient has health and strength to bear down long enough on the signal button.

Then there's her other self that clutters up the chesterfield with "Principles and Practice of Nursing" (Harmer, second edition, revised); "Textbook of Anatomy and Physiology" (Kimber and Gray, eighth edition), as she gaily scatters cigarette ashes over the surrounding territory while she makes a last desperate effort to find out what's what the evening before the exam.

Sometimes they study in pairs or even in triplicate, in which event Mr. Proudfit's sixth edition of "Nutrition and Diet Therapy" may be added to the pile of books on the floor, while the three ladies of the lamp scan *Esquire*.

Nevertheless, I should, as an expert patient, like to point out that these nurses have much to learn before they can adequately qualify to look after me in such a manner that my health and strength is likely to return.

Let me say definitely that I for one when in hospital, do not care to be awakened at the unearthly hour of 6 a.m. If I can't do it when I'm well, why should I do it when I'm sick?

Then there's this business about washing. Personally, I'm a very sanitary sort of individual, I wash the face and hands and even the body when circumstances seem to indicate that it's necessary. But I ask you, what does all this washing lead to? You are quite right—Dr. Mathers. And yet the nurses are forever dragging in a bowl of water and after smiling sweetly, hand you a cake of soap and a towel. You'd think they'd know better.

As for their ideas of making a bed, I'll leave it to you. But is an old sweater more comfortable than a dress shirt? O.K., then where does this idea of making patients comfortable in a per clinic bed come from?

One more thing. Why do all nurses who have cold hands want to rub your back? I had one

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## Cyril Jessop

PHOTOGRAPHER

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**HAVE YOU HAD YOUR  
6 SLICES TODAY?**

nurse (ah, little Twinkletoes, where are you now?) who would hold hands until they were thawed out a bit, but she gave me to understand that such a procedure was not laid down in Miss Lynch's series on professional ethics.

Apart from these tiny flaws in their training, the nurses of W.G.H. are a band of ministering angels, the very sound of whose footsteps brings relief to such old cranky patients as

THE AUTHOR.

### POEM

A group of little probies  
Were studying hard and long  
About our great Anatomy—  
Of them we sing this song.  
Then one said to the others,  
"Now tell me, will you girls,  
What causes our intestines  
To have such natural curls?"

They tell us that our kidneys  
Have tubules—quite a few,  
Yet I've ne'er noticed any  
On Tuesday in our stew.  
The brain's so complicated  
They say it helps us think;  
Each day that we learn something  
It gets a brand new kink.

Oh, could we use the spinal cord  
To tie up Christmas bags,  
Some even have their tonsils  
Supply them with the tags.  
Surgeons use incisors  
For scalpels during an op.  
The theatre's so quiet  
You can hear blood pressure drop.

As seniors we use such terms  
As polymorphonuc's;  
But when we come to write R.N.'s  
We'll likely all be flukes.

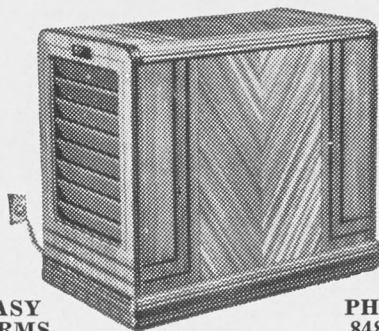
Found on Kay O'Brien's registration card:  
Question: "Give the names of your parents."  
Answer: "Mumma and Daddy."

A lot of auto wrecks occur from the drivers hugging the wrong curve.



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Recommended for slimming  
and weight reducing.

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### Wiii EVENINGS

*I*t's usually a nightmare,  
Very seldom a dream,  
You hurry and scurry,  
Until you could scream.  
Making calls to give hypos,  
Admitting and such,  
Keeping foments applied  
Or you get into Dutch.  
"Could I start my intravenous,"  
Or "Give me a call."  
The hopper's overflowing,  
Water's running down the hall.  
The craniotomy has just returned,  
Temp. and pulse O.H. one-half.  
I must make rounds when a Doc arrives,  
I can't even stop to laugh.  
There's a nasal suction to be started,  
And do a gastric lavage,  
You pour some alcohol down their backs,  
Aren't they lucky to get a massage?  
Then H.S. meds and irrigations,  
Charting temps and the report,  
By eleven o'clock you feel you've been  
A really darn good sport.  
At midnight you will likely have  
Only two more trays to set up;  
Then drag yourself off duty  
Feeling like a bedraggled pup.  
But when you wake next morning  
You don't think of all that was—  
You get dressed and go back on duty.  
Why?—oh, well, just because.

### PROBATIONERS

Tune—"Hark the Herald Angels Sing"

Hark, the '40 "C" Probies sing—  
Purgatives, enemas, are just the thing,  
Full strength for an adult, half for a child.  
That's enough to drive anyone wild.  
Morning care and evening too.  
Rub backs till they're black and blue.  
Hark the '40 "C" Probies sing.  
Hark, O Death, where is thy sting!

Headquarters for . . .

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WINNIPEG

MANY, MANY, MANY

Tune—"Vieni, Vieni"

Many, many are the long and weary hours  
We've toiled here for you.  
Many, many, many are the days and nights we've  
laboured,  
Homesick and blue.  
Pro. days have quickly faded,  
Trim caps paraded  
Proudly we wore them.  
Short cuffs we soon acquired,  
In white attired  
We'll be.

Many, many, many are the sweet and happy  
memories  
We'll have of you.  
Many, many many are the sad and fond regrets  
Now that we're through.  
Training is soon completed  
And undefeated  
We'll take our stand.  
Striving for recognition  
And bringing our school  
Renown.

WE CAME IN TRAINING

Tune—"We Joined the Navy"

We came in training to serve mankind,  
To wash the sick and feed the blind.  
We washed the sick till we were blind  
We fed the blind till they were sick,  
Oh, heck, this nursing isn't what it's cracked up  
to be!

We thought we'd serve thus humanity,  
But whom did we serve?—we served Landy!  
We did anatomy, P. and P.  
Bacteriology, history—  
To learn just how like Flossie we should be.

We went to "A" flat to do some sponging,  
But what did we do?—we did some plumbing!  
Irrigation, forcing fluids;  
Supra-public, fomentation—  
Oh! nursing isn't what it's cracked up to be.

Slipping, sliding through basins of blood and gore,  
We've landed now at last, my gals, right into the  
O.R.

Theatres, duckponds, instruments galore.  
Oh, how we love to scrub and clean the dirty cast-  
room floor!

(Continued on page 64)



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WE WENT IN TRAINING  
(Continued from page 62)

We went to "B" flat, or p'raps to "E"  
And what did we see, Oh, what did we see!  
We saw wimmen 'n wimmen,  
'N pans, 'n pans, 'n pans, 'n pans—  
'N we saw EVERYTHING!

We went to "C" flat to learn of life,  
Oh, what a life! Oh, what a strife!  
With rubber gloves on, in ghost's array,  
Carrying our douche set we made our way.  
We scrubbed our hands till they were red,  
We hoped the bugs they all were dead.  
Oh, nursing isn't what it's cracked up to be!

One day we went to the T.S.O.  
Oh-o-o-o-o-Oh! The T.S.O.!  
With round suspenders and stockings rolled,  
Our shoes unpolished, a sight to behold,  
To learn about our past deficiencies.

We learned about them in certain terms  
That made us feel like little worms;  
We turned and squirmed in awe and fear,  
We took it all in and said, "Oh, dear!  
This nursing isn't what it's cracked up to be."

We came in training to get a degree,  
And what did we get?—we got T.B.  
Oh, three long years with never a break,  
And never a leave and never a date—  
Oh, to h - - - with nursing and humanity!

THE NURSES' 23RD PSALM

The poor are our patients,  
We maketh them to lie down in warm blankets;  
And feedeth them thru glass tubes.  
We restoreth their pulse.  
Yea! Though they walk in their sleep,  
And fall out of bed—  
They feeleth no pain,  
For we are with them.  
Our dope and our care will comfort them.  
In presence of our doctors  
We annointed their bedsores with oil.  
Kidney basins runneth over.  
Surely bed-pans and groans  
Shall follow us all the days of our life;  
And we shall dwell in the uniform forever.

## A Good Company to Know

The Great-West Life is one of the largest Life Insurance institutions on this continent. Its finances are proverbially sound, its investments well diversified. Selling all forms of Life Insurance and Annuities, it offers a policy for every person and every purse.

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**WINNIPEG CANADA**

VISIT

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**CHALLENGER**  
NATIONALLY GUARANTEED

**BIRKS DINGWALL**

*For Fine Watches*

TUNE—"You Can't Stop Me From Dreaming"

**Y**OU can stop me from staying out late,  
You can stop me from keeping my date,  
You can put me evenings, which seems my fate,  
You can keep me after 7 and I'm sure to be late,  
But you can't stop me from dreaming.

You can stop me from throwing out specs,  
You can stop me from signing a R  
You can send me down to T.S.O.  
You can have me answer to Miss Munroe,  
But you can't stop me from dreaming.

From seven o'clock till one we sponge and feed,  
We carry pans and bring them what they need.

You can teach me some good technique,  
Make me practice from week to week,  
You tell me that I'm clumsy and slow  
And all those things that we should know,  
But you can't stop me from dreaming.

Tune—"Sweet Sue"

When we got our caps we thought we were  
through—Boo, hoo—Boo, hoo!  
But we soon did find  
We would change our mind  
Too soon—too soon.  
For we started in  
To learn with vim  
About medicine and surgery galore.  
If we don't make passes  
We'll be sorry lasses  
Outside the door!

Tune—"Are You Sleeping"

Are you sleeping—are you sleeping,  
Sister nurse, sister nurse.  
Hear the bell is ringing, hear the bell is ringing—  
Ding, dong, bell; ding, dong, bell.

Are you dressing, are you dressing—  
Sister nurse, sister nurse.  
Hear the hymn they're singing, hear the hymn  
they're singing—  
Oh, we're late; oh' we're late.  
Lost a late leave, lost a late leave—  
For a show, for a show.  
All because we slept in, all because we slept in—  
Didn't wanna go, didn't wanna go!

*"We Telegraph Flowers"*

# R. B. Ormiston *florist*



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the name goes on"*

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CAKES TO ORDER

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FRANK HANNIBAL, *Manager*

SEVEN A.M. A patient loves early morning—especially a patient with large, hard carbuncles on the neck. He's certainly treated well—he can't complain. He has his mouth wash and then his basin arrives. He gets one tip of his ear wet when on top of his basin he finds his breakfast tray. Of all the pleasant surprises! Sighing, he dries the aforementioned tip only to find another nurse popping a thermometer into his mouth. He lies silent and stiff for the fraction of a minute that it takes the nurse to find out if his heart is still there. Then eternity—but she removes the thermometer at last. What's this? A steaming basin! It contains what they call hot fomentations, which the nurse wraps around his neck in place of the cold pack he's had for the last 3 hours. Oh, at last! He's ready for a good hearty breakfast. He smiles as he scoops up a spoonful of porridge and swallows. Suddenly he drops his spoon, gropes for the bell and rings frantically. Three nurses scurry at once to the scene to find him wide-eyed and mumbling something about hot fomentations. "But," protested the junior, "I just brought you a hot one." "I know, I know," said he, "but I want another one, I said I want another hot one about the same size—that porridge certainly needs it!"

## PREPARATION FOR AN OPERATION

You call in a doctor, feeling not well at all;  
He immediately suggests appendix, or maybe your gall;  
Sends you to the "General," your condition to check.  
Friend, you'd have been far better off, had you broken your neck!

Escorted to "D" flat, you are soon gently led  
By a beautiful nurse, to a nice empty bed.  
She says, "Take off your clothes, and put on this gown."  
You put it on backwards, and feel like a clown.

Next she checks your belongings, for a while you're in peace;  
But trouble is just starting, alas, never to cease!  
The first intimation of this is when they ask you  
If the operation's not successful, whom shall we 'phone to.

Next an interne comes in, commences writing your "history"—  
The questions he asks are to you quite a mystery.  
You don't feel too bad, but before he is through  
You have every disease known, both ancient and new.



"Have you ever contracted infantile paralysis?"  
 "Have you ever had a gastric analysis?"  
 Ashamed of your ignorance of these terms, you  
 retort,  
 "Well, it might have been that, but they called it  
 a wart!"

The doctor says, "Nurse, two ounces of Olium  
 Recini."  
 And after he goes you say, "Nurse, look here,  
 queenie,  
 This Holy-o-whatsaname, is it something to eat?"  
 She says, "No, but, oh boy, it gives 'pep' to your  
 feet!"

You think they are finished, into soothing sleep  
 glide,  
 When a gentle voice says, "Please turn on your  
 side."  
 You furiously ask, "What, more indignities to  
 take!"  
 He replies, "Three quarts of water, and of soap half  
 a cake."

Awakening next morning, as hungry as can be  
 Nurse says, "No breakfast, no, not even some tea."  
 Wheeled to the O.R. the first thing you scan  
 Is gauze-covered faces, like the old Klu-Klux Klan.

Weird figures roam around you, your heart sinks  
 to your toes,  
 Then jumps back again quickly, as they cover your  
 nose.  
 You wriggle and struggle, twitch your fingers, and  
 cough.  
 Then a voice says, "Thank goodness, the sissy is  
 'off.'"

## HOWLERS

Chivalry is the attitude of a man toward a  
 strange woman.

Ambiguity means having two wives living at the  
 same time.

Florence Nightingale became a nurse and at her  
 own risk attended soldiers.

Diagrams are delicate things just below the ribs  
 and above the stomach.

Immortality is running away with another man's  
 wife.

A conservative is a green house where you can  
 look at the moon.

Intuition—the strange instinct that tells a woman  
 she is right whether she is or not.

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 Our Sincere Good  
 Wishes . . .*



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*For Delivery of City Dairy Products*

**Telephone 87 647**

Tune—"Clementine"

*I*N a farmhouse, in a pasture,  
Tending chickens, calves and swine,  
Lived a lovely farmer's daughter,  
Deborah Hannah Clementine.

To go in training, to go in training,  
Was the wish of Clementine;  
It had best be good old General,  
Winnipeg General Clementine.

Soon a probie, soon a junior,  
Attending classes was divine,  
But on the wards a trifle careless  
About the outputs, Clementine.

Don't be careless, don't be careless,  
About the outputs, Clementine,  
Or you'll vex the Supervisor,  
Supervisor, Clementine.

In that building close to William,  
Where the day's work's done at nine,  
A young doctor, all indignant  
Waited for sweet Clementine.

Grab a carriage, grab a tray,  
Grab something, Clementine;  
Powder your nose and fix your cap on,  
Look your smartest, Clementine.

All in vain he stood and waited;  
Fumed in accents fierce and fine,  
For the drum and tray were empty—  
What a help was Clementine!

She stood and shivered by the bedside  
With a countenance malign;  
Soon the angry voice grew tender—  
Fatal eyes had Clementine.

Three years passed and all too slowly,  
Of "lights out" and "in on time,"  
For she wed the nice young doctor—  
Happy days for Clementine.

# McCormick's Sunwheat Biscuits

HAVE BEEN CHOSEN FOR THE



DIONNE QUINTUPLETS

AS PART OF THEIR DIET

## Irradiated to Give the Sunshine Vitamin

Vitamin D, the sunshine vitamin, is the vitamin hardest to find in ordinary foods. McCormick's Sunwheat biscuits are made with yeast rich in Vitamin D from Professor Steenbock's irradiation process. This fact alone makes Sunwheat Biscuits of unique value to growing children. Vitamin D is one of the factors essential for growth. Its presence in these delicious easily digested biscuits may largely account for the fact that they were chosen for the Dionne Quintuplets.



## 5 of the 6 Vitamins in This One Product

When the Paediatric Research Foundation of Toronto set about producing the perfect child-food biscuits, they determined to include all the vitamins and minerals essential to growing children.

McCormick's Sunwheat irradiated Vitamin Biscuits are the result. A scientific food containing five vitamins—A, B1, B2, D and E. The only other known vitamin—C, is easily obtained in Orange and Tomato Juice—your child will love Sunwheats dipped in either.

"ASK YOUR DOCTOR"

EXCLUSIVE DISTRIBUTORS FOR WESTERN CANADA

# SCOTT-BATHGATE COMPANY LIMITED

WINNIPEG and VANCOUVER

## THE GENERAL NURSE

Tune—"Little Old Lady"

**T**HE General Nurse goes tripping by,  
Catching everyone's eye;  
She has such a charming manner—  
You know why.

Little white cap pinned on each head  
As they work from bed to bed;  
They are much the needed comfort,  
As is always said.

Little bit of panning here,  
Little bit of foment there;  
Bet that they've been sponging patients,  
Giving bedside care.

Now to her books she has to turn,  
Dosages she must learn;  
Dances, parties are to her  
Of no concern.

Hypertension, Mosenthal,  
Know the interne, have him call,  
Irrigate and then instil some Argyrol.

Little bit of morphine here,  
Little bit of strychnine there;  
If there are convulsive symptoms,  
Have the ether there.

Lower the head and raise the feet  
And, if ordered, please repeat—  
Hot water bottles and two blankets  
For external heat.

The tired nurse at the end of day  
Asks to go if she may,  
But it's, "List those clothes and  
Have the linen hidden well away."

People who have half an hour to spare usually  
spend it with someone who hasn't.  
Dignity is one thing that can't be preserved in  
alcohol.

Doctor: "I don't like to mention it, but the cheque  
you gave me has come back."

Patient: "Well, that sure is funny, doc, so did  
my lumbago."

## To Brighten Each Day's Life . . . A Telephone in Your Home

At small cost you can become part of that wide circle of telephone users that now numbers upwards of 76,000 in Manitoba—a vast telephone community where each subscriber is within call of every other subscriber.

## Manitoba Telephone System



## PSALMS

**T**O AWAKEN each morning with a smile brightening my face;  
 To greet the day with reverence for the opportunities it contains;  
 To approach my work with a clean mind;  
 To hold ever before me, even in the doing of little things, the Ultimate Purpose toward which I am working;  
 To meet men and women with laughter on my lips and love in my heart;  
 To be gentle, kind and courteous through all the hours;  
 To approach the night with weariness that ever woos sleep and the joy that comes from work well done—  
 This is how I desire to waste wisely my days!

He has achieved success who has lived well, laughed often and loved much;  
 Who has gained the respect of intelligent men and the love of little children;  
 Who has filled his niche and accomplished his task; beauty, not failed to express it;  
 Who has always looked for the best in others and given the best he had!

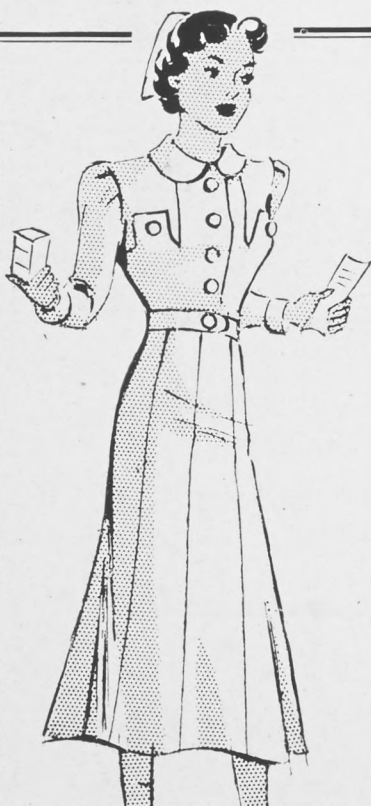
## CONSISTENT UNITY

"Jack hasn't come home. I'm worried. Is he spending the night with you?" wired the young doctor's wife to five of his friends.

Soon after the husband arrived home the messenger boy came in with five replies to the wires his wife had sent. They all read: "Yes, Jack is spending the night with me."

## DEFINITIONS

Cholecystitis—Inflammation of a cyst in the colon.  
 Egotism—"I" trouble.  
 Trachoma—Tumor of trachea.  
 Kidney—Knee of a small child.  
 Epididymitis—One who stutters.  
 Nephrectomy—Greek for "Don't be afraid of me."  
 Anatomy—Too personal to mention.  
 Appendectomy—Removal of appendages.  
 Peptic Ulcer—A tick which wears down your pep.  
 Oxo—An extremely stubborn patient.  
 Liver—Doubtful (we either kill or cure them).  
 Thrombosis—Disease peculiar to desert areas.  
 Pancreas—That substance for which butter is substituted when it is not brought up from the D.K.



## Eaton's Uniforms for Nurses

Designed for Utility in An Attractive Way!

**P**ERT, smart styles that fit comfortably. In practical materials—sanforized to prevent shrinking and withstand the hard usage and frequent tubbings they'll undergo. Fitted with detachable buttons. In sizes 32 to 44. Sturdy quality poplin uniforms, each, \$1.95. Mercerized poplin or repp uniforms, each, \$2.95. Emerald Poplin uniforms, each, \$3.95.

*Uniform Section, Fourth Floor, Hargrave.*

**Nurses' White Silk Hose**  
 Serviceable and neat fitting.

**Eaton Thrift**—6-thread semi service. Sizes 8½ to 10½.  
 Pair, **69¢**

**Eatonia** — 10-thread heavy service weight. Sizes 8½ to 10½. Pair, **\$1.00**

*Hosiery Section,  
 Main Floor, Portage*

### White Duty Shoes

Trim styles lasted with an eye to utmost comfort.

**Eatonia Arch Relief** — Unlined perforated Elk. Rein-skin with leather soles.  
 Pair, **\$6.00**

**Dr. McCann** — Elk blucher oxford. Covered military heels. Pair, **\$3.39**

**Canvas Oxfords** — Cuban heeled. Pair, **\$2.50**

*Women's Shoe Section,  
 Second Floor, Hargrave*

**THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED**

## SIGNS

*I* HAVE come to the conclusion when I see a nurse pass

That it is easy to determine the year of her class  
Here comes one now, self-conscious, forlorn,  
No cap on her head, her uniform untorn;  
At each footstep she starts, like a poor frightened fawn.

A Pro'.

Watch the next one to pass, her uniform complete;  
Takes seriously her duties, so professionally discreet.

At the back of her apron, in line strictly true  
Are three beautiful buttons, but (between me and you)

In a very short while there will be only two.

A Junior.

No innocent look on that one just passed by,  
No glance with that pleading, "Speak harsh and I'll cry."

Vital parts of her uniform have worn dangerously thin;

On her apron one button and a large safety pin.

An Intermediate.

No mistaking this one, as blithely she strolls.

Continually pinning her cap has created large holes.

She usually is competent, no emergency bother;  
So ventilated her uniform that when her arms she will hover—

Well, to put it quite mildly, you see much more of her.

A Senior.

A wonderful vision, at last, crosses my sight—

Cap, uniform, shoes, stockings, all spotlessly white.  
To become a trained nurse, three years she has tarried;

She gets her R.N. then gets herself married.

Poor mother and dad her bills cheerfully have carried.

A Grad'.



## Wear A New Uniform

... From the "BAY"

Give yourself and your patients a "lift" with crisp new uniforms in styles that are not only 100% efficient but very becoming to boot!

Left—New Zipper Front model for "quick changes" . . . comes in fine preshrunk poplin **\$2.98**

Right — Button - down - the - front model with smartly placed pin tucks at the waist. Pre-shrunk mercerised Irish poplin **\$3.98**

Both have plenty of pockets and come in sizes 32. Larger sizes made to order at the same prices.

Uniforms, Second Floor, The "Bay."

**Hudson's Bay Company.**

INCORPORATED 2<sup>ND</sup> MAY 1870.



## THE GLEE CLUB

THE musically minded of the class of 1940 had for some time wanted to re-organize the Glee Club. Having heard of the fame of the first W.G.H. Nurses' Glee Club, they felt they would like to carry on its splendid work.

Then, one day, we were told that Mr. Osborne was an anxious as we, to get back into harness with another club. Straight away, those interested met, together with Mr. Osborne, to whom we are greatly indebted, and the cherished dream became a reality.

Miss Warner, a former Glee Clubber, was elected Honorary President, and we very much appreciate her efforts on our behalf, in gaining the co-operation of the staff and thus enabling us to have more regular attendance.

The financial problem dissolved itself, as we soon found that there was a good supply of music left from former days. How little had we dreamed what musical wealth and enjoyment lay behind the closed doors of the little brown cupboard.

Owing to the late date at which we organized, it was impossible for us to enter the musical festival, but we hope to do so next year. At present we are preparing for our début at the graduation in June.

Under the competent leadership of Mr. Osborne, assisted by Miss Warner and the President, Miss Jakeman, we are looking forward to many good times ahead, which will bring credit to our school.

Wish us luck!

## MATERNITY

My days among the babes are past  
As around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
The great minds of the Mat.  
My ever wailing friends were they—  
With whom I labored day by day.

With them I took delight in scrubs,  
And sought relief with mighty rubs,  
And while I understood and grinned  
Someone yelled, "Say, bring the stretcher in."  
My cheeks have often been tattooed.  
With more than tears of gratitude.

My thoughts are with the mothers too; with them  
I labored way past seven.  
Their virtues few, their children many,  
Yet each one's home had ne'er a penny.  
And from their cases seek and find  
Instruction with a clear cut mind.

My hopes are with them both you see  
Though we were seldom off at three.  
And I with them shall travel on  
In thoughts and memories,  
And leaving in each tiny head,  
Something to make them forge ahead.

PHONES 35 162

PHONE 35 162

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you want to wear when you  
go places. Exquisitely mod-  
elled, they strike just the  
right note with your new  
outfit.

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iii ??? iii

THE PROBATIONER quaked!

This was going a bit too far. Surely there must be some mistake! The supervisor couldn't have been thinking when she made the request. Oh, dear! What did they think she came in here for anyway? Ten minutes to 9! Something will have to be done and done soon. And an Anatomy and Physiology test coming next—how could she be expected to think properly. She raced frantically down the hall. Where is that orderly anyway? He's never around when you really need him. Heavens! Of all the humiliating positions—she simply can't see why *she* should be expected to . . . well, she suddenly decides that she will get all the necessary articles and everything ready, but that's as far as she'll go!

She pulled the screen from around one bed (the nurse was only doing a colostomy dressing anyway) and screened her patient. There! Everything is ready. She grits her teeth and tries not to hear her knees knocking together. She puts up her chin and takes a step forward, but no! She just can't do it. Stammeringly she stumbles out to the desk and asks, "Dd-did you want me to . . . ." In a somewhat annoyed tone the supervisor replies: "No! Go off duty. I'll wash that man's umbilicus myself."

### Impressions left by the Class of 1938

#### THE "A's"—

Industry . . . ambition . . . devotion to duty . . . a June sunrise . . . the scent of wild roses . . . afield of cool, dark loam, with long furrows . . . strong green shoots of grain . . . hollyhocks by a white picket fence . . . promise of harvest . . . sunlight drifting down through autumn trees . . . long winter evenings at home . . . books with soft vellum bindings . . . firelight and shadow . . . and Peace!

#### THE "B's"—

Work completed with joy in the morning . . . a long dreamy summer afternoon, punctuated by the whirr of clubs and the sharp "smacks" of the golf ball . . . laughter and happy voices in the magic cool of the woodland . . . shaded lights . . . soft, colorful gowns . . . "The Blue Danube!"

#### THE "C's"—

A trim, white yacht, running swiftly over the sea, her sail "trimmed" closely to the breeze

. . . the tinkling of cool, iced drinks in tall glasses . . . flowers in a low, blue bowl . . . a little girl standing on a hilltop, her gingham frock blown by the wind . . . a lark mounting high into summer clouds . . . his song falling in pentameter to earth!

E. M. McD—



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Our modern, scientific equipment for conditioning flowers, and our long experience in selecting quality stock . . . is the reason that "Orchid Quality" flowers last longer in your home.

*The Orchid*

VICTOR SCOTT  
311 DONALD STREET

This is my prayer to Thee, my Lord—strike,  
strike at the root of penury in my heart.

Give me strength lightly to bear my joys and  
sorrows.

Give me the strength to make my love fruitful  
in service.

Give me the strength never to disown the poor  
or bend my knees before insolent might.

Give me the strength to raise my mind high  
above daily trifles.

And give me the strength to surrender my  
strength to Thy will with love.

TAGORE,  
(The MacMillan Company)





